



Yuba Delta

(25)
26

May Swift.
26

Mary Griffin
Linda
24

Mildred Fisher
-26-

Lena Juhista
"24"

Henry Zwanck
-24-

Alie Bleeth
-25-

Jessie Nealon
-29-

Alma Berry "26"
Joyce Lightam "26"

Ernest Ahart
-23-

Mildred Ramsey
"26"

Charles Dennis

Henry Perkins
Bessie Perkins
"Bess" 26

Edalynd Johnson
24

Isabel Erb
"27"

Thos Stoker
"24"

Myrtle Rooker
"27"

Marian Lightam
"24"

Walter Stoker

Thos Fisher
24

YUBA DELTA

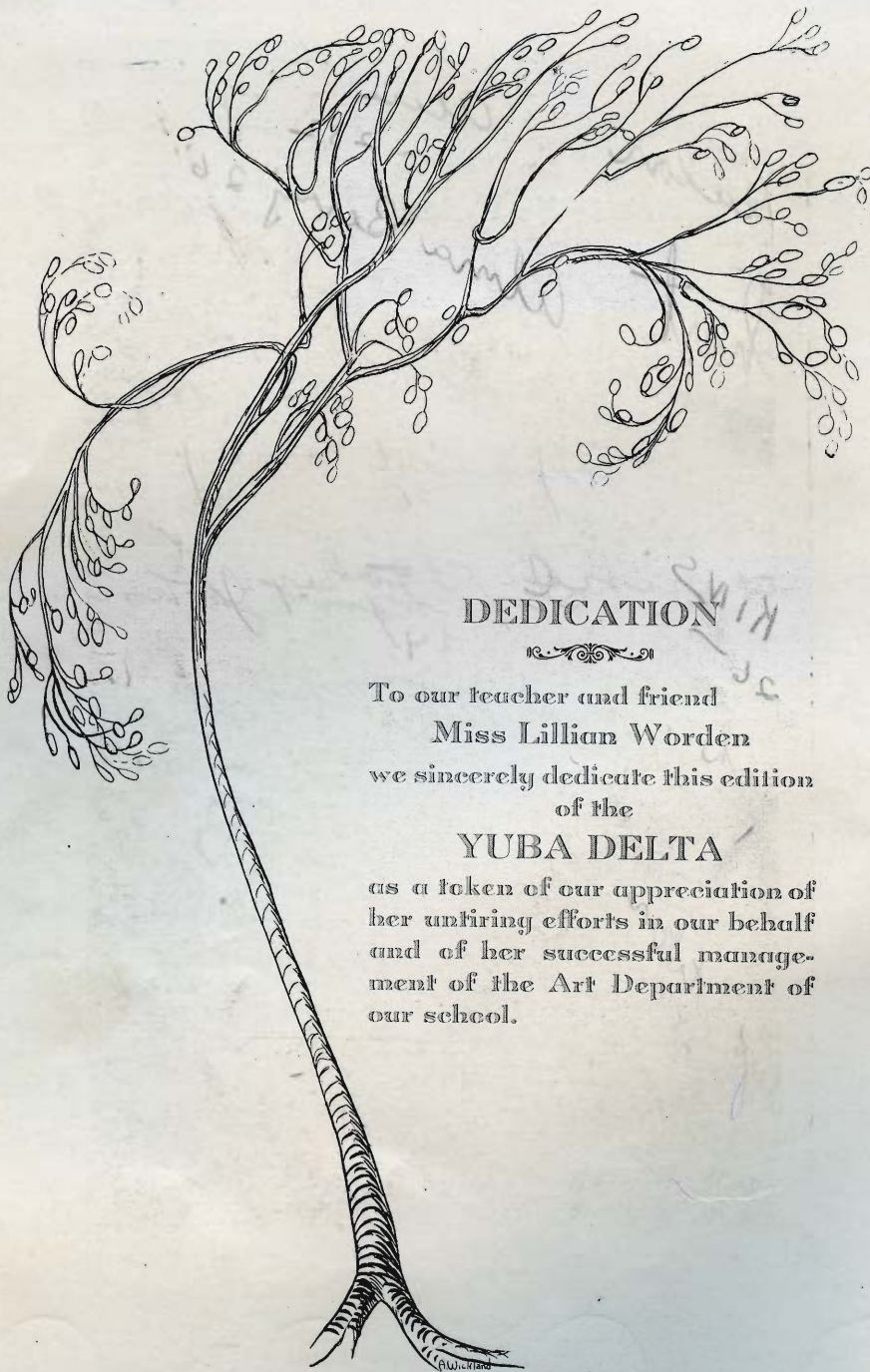
THE YUBA DELTA

Published Annually by the Students
of the
Marysville Union High School



JUNE

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-three
Marysville, California



DEDICATION

To our teacher and friend
Miss Lillian Worden
we sincerely dedicate this edition
of the

YUBA DELTA

as a token of our appreciation of
her untiring efforts in our behalf
and of her successful manage-
ment of the Art Department of
our school.



MISS LILLIAN WORDEN

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FACULTY



	Mr. Lee H. Bissett	Mr. L. P. Farris	Miss Louise Mayne
Miss Ruth Stubbs	Mr. M. E. Valentine	Miss Jeannie I. Forbes	Mr. L. H. Forkner
Mr. V. Langford	Miss Ella Woods	Mr. S. G. Hust	Miss Lillian Worden
Miss Edna Kelley	Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling	Miss Katsue Moore	Miss Elizabeth Benthien
	Miss Pearl Graham	Mr. E. C. Müller	Mr. B. J. Cutler
			Miss Bessie Sharp

Greetings From Our Principal

L. P. Farris

The school year 1922-'23 has been one full of accomplishments, both in class room work and in student activities. Knowing, however, that the average observer gives little attention to detail but more to plans, policies, districts, buildings and the like, I shall address myself only to these phases of our accomplishments.

The Marysville Union High School district was formed June 27, 1922, by a large majority vote in twenty-seven elementary school districts of Yuba County. Even the rural districts, where it was proposed that the tax rate be raised, voted themselves into the union by a majority of 109 votes. This unionization has done much toward bringing about a solidarity in Yuba County. The union district has not only laid the foundation for a more efficient school at Marysville, but it has also resulted in better service to the people of the rural districts.

There are now three one-teacher branch high schools in the union district, at the following centers: Camptonville, Dobbins and Smartsville. These schools give forty or more young persons an opportunity to continue their education one or two additional years, and at the same time retain the advantages of remaining at home through this important period of their lives. These schools are doing first-class work. Who dares say these forty young persons are not worth the investment?

The union high school system has also made it possible for another forty or more students to be transported to school, in school buses, at state and district expense rather than at the expense of the few parents of these particular children. Quite a number of others who live at an inconvenient distance from the school receive a small financial allowance as a result of being in the Union High School district.

The present large assessed valuation, approximately \$14,000,000, which is the direct result of unionization, affords a working basis for greater things. The Board of Trustees felt justified last summer in providing the school with a gymnasium. The state law now requires physical training for all pupils. The Board reasoned that inasmuch as the law is mandatory, they should comply with it by providing an indoor class room for the physical training work. A gymnasium is especially needed during the winter months.

The gymnasium building includes a music room, and contains showers, lockers, and other necessary gymnasium accessories. It has been built and completely paid for in one year. None who have seen it in use have expressed dissatisfaction. In other words, it has already "sold" itself to the community.

Not only the building of the gymnasium, but also the moving and remodeling of the Commercial and Home Economics Building, formerly known as "The Old High School on E Street," has greatly added to our efficiency. It now behoves the school and its "products" to furnish daily evidence that our efficiency has increased in direct proportion to our financial investments.



GYMNASIUM

KYBA DELTA

The Senior Class

Norma Burke, '23

Here's a story as true as true,
Of very green Freshmen that felt quite blue.

Horrible things had been told of the tortures that a Freshman must endure and we entered with fear and trembling, but after a few months had passed we marched with firmer tread and upright head. Even at this early stage our men were out for athletics and many made their teams.

As Sophomores we made ourselves well known. Many of our members were in the general school entertainment and many of our men became members of the athletic teams. One of them, even at this early date, was far along the road to athletic fame.

Athletics again won us prominence during our Junior year. By this time our reputation for push was by no means small. We gave evidence of our growing power when we gave a play in addition to our carnival. This had never been done before. We closed the year with the "Junior Prom."

We entered our last year with undisputed dignity, and with our rings upon our fingers we were marked everywhere we went. The two gold medals given by the Lions' Club were captured by two Seniors. We congratulate ourselves on being the first Seniors to have assembly in the new gymnasium building and the first Seniors to graduate from this building.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Lester Carpenter
Vice-President	Francis Dempsey
Secretary.....	Logan Franklin
Treasurer.....	Elizabeth Washburn
Executive Committee.....	Melvin Adams
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Hira Valentine
Yell Leader.....	Warren Ahart

Second Semester

President.....	Norman Taylor
Vice-President	Edith Baker
Secretary.....	David Jones
Treasurer	Avard Stevens
Executive Committee.....	Warren Ahart
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Hira Valentine
Yell Leader.....	Francis Dempsey



SENIORS

'23

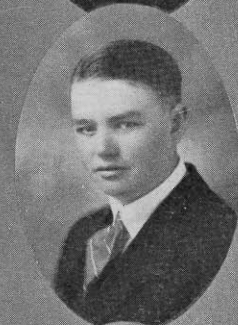
Wickland



LESTER CARPENTER



EDITH BAKER



TED BAUN



NORMAN TAYLOR



DOROTHY ARMSTRONG

MELVIN ADAMS

AMY WICKLAND

AGNES BISSETT

ORVIN BERRY

GRACE BROWN



WINIFRED BURT

FRANCIS DEMPSEY

NORMA BURKE

MARHNELLE COATS

LOGAN FRANKLIN

DOROTHY DONNELL



MELBA DUTRA

DAVID JONES

RUTH DUNN

MELVA HUTCHISON

CHESTER LITTLEJOHN

ELLEN ISAACSON



LAVONNE KASH

ALBERT MILLER

MARIAN LYDON

MILDRED MARDERS

LOUIS MILLER

IWADEL MURRAY

Iwadel Murray



MAVIS McCAMPBELL

WILLIAM MILLIGAN

ROSALIND REED

LILLIAN SILVER

HIRA VALENTINE

LETHA SHERMAN



MERYLE SIMMONS

MARTIN RIES

BETTY SCHILLIG

MARJORIE SMITH

JESSE SUTTON

VIVIAN WILCOX



MILDRED VINEY

EUGENE SMITH

CELIA WOODS

ISABEL WELDON

AVARD STEVENS

ELIZABETH WASHBURN

Senior Prophecy

Hira Valentine, '23

It was a sultry June morning following the Commencement Exercises of the Class of '23, and arrangements had been made for a final get-together. Lunch baskets were in evidence in the two school buses and in the private cars that were to take the class to a shady spot in the Buttes. I seemed to be the unfortunate one of the bunch, for, in some mysterious manner, my diploma had disappeared the night before, and the teachers were aiding me in the search. When it was finally located in my Dad's pocket, my classmates had all gone and it was up to me to go home, pump up two tires, put in a couple of spark plugs, a gear, a main bearing, and several other things peculiar to a Cheve.

When I stopped at a Service Station in Yuba City I heard someone say that there was a gusher in the Buttes. I found the highway as congested as Broadway, and after a strenuous drive toward a high-flung streak of black against the sky I found the queerest looking picnic party that I ever saw, and their actions were as queer as their looks.

They were all dripping crude oil and it was running down Winifred Burt's neck where her hair was parted in the back. There wasn't a pair of spectacles in the crowd. All seemed oblivious of their condition, and those who had pockets were patting their bulging proportions affectionately.

Marhnelle Coats was trying to gather up what looked to me like coarse gravel in her hair net, and as it parted I saw a tear roll down her chocolate and well-oiled complexion. Lillian Silver sat down on a little pile of gravel and arranged her skirts, to conceal it, for all the world like a setting hen. Louis Miller was in his stocking feet and was hugging his shoes to his heart, along with his cap. Jesse Sutton and Dorothy Armstrong seemed to have pooled their interests and were at one side carefully guarding some old tin cans, Dorothy's hat, and a slipper. Isabel Weldon was gazing sorrowfully at the oil-soaked lunch, while David Jones was looking, as happy as a bridegroom, at a pan that might have held a chicken pie, but now was full of the same sort of gravel which had driven the rest of the company crazy.

No one paid any attention to my frantic inquiries and I was beginning to wonder how long it would take to herd the bunch down to Stockton. Finally, when one began to tell me about it they all began to talk and their explanations were about as clear as their silence. At last I succeeded in getting Lester Carpenter to one side, who explained to me that they had just finished spreading their lunch when the West Butte oil well began to sprinkle them. It started with a light spray of crude oil and increased until it ended in what was thought to be a hail storm. Mueller, upon picking up one of the stones, found it to be warm, and, after rubbing off the oil, discovered it to be gold. He was so amazed that he gave a whoop and everybody forgot all about being miserable. When I found that they weren't really ready to start for the lunatic asylum I stood and made the speech of my life. Seeing that untoward

circumstances had robbed me of my chances for wealth, I told them that I wasn't going to ask for any contributions as I expected to keep on working at Stebbins' Hardware and to acquire fame and fortune.

After finishing my speech I called on each one to tell me what he intended to do with his money.

Mr. Mueller was going to make a great collection of birds and present them to the Stanford University.

Logan Franklin announced joyously, "I am going to send for my Montana girl."

"Doc" Adams assured me that after he got a permanent wave he was going to visit "King Tut."

Edith Baker rather blushing said, "I think I'll buy a town home and a country home, but of course I'll have to speak to Joe about it," and Mildred Viney added that she was going to have just as fine a home as her sister-in-law.

Avard Stevens, Jesse Sutton, and Francis Dempsey had already made plans for a large radio transmitting station.

Winifred Burt and Dorothy Armstrong had their heads together and said they were going to buy the F. W. Woolworth store.

Eugene Smith confessed uncertainty as to whether he was going to establish a nursery or a science laboratory.

Lillian Silver was quite clear that she intended to go to Europe to hunt a title.

Martin Ries was definitely planning to put a new motorcycle on the market, "The Spark Plug 4."

David Jones, Bill Milligan, and Chester Littlejohn were hilarious over their decision to go to the Brownie and drink milkshakes until they couldn't drink any more and then buy out the Parlor.

Mavis Mac Campbell demurely said that she was going around the world and then would study Egyptology.

Orvin Berry and Norma Burke had already made plans to go back east, on their honeymoon and buy a farm.

Louis Miller and Marhnelle Coats had also planned a honeymoon, but it was to be a scientific trip to the North Pole.

Dorothy Donnell and Amy Wickland had formed a compact to go to Spain to translate old Spanish records.

Vivian Wilcox's ambition was to buy out the Sackrider Studio.

Agnes Bissett declared she was going to France to succeed Sarah Bernhardt.

Melba Dutra quietly remarked that her unexpected wealth would enable her to go to the University of California to major in History, and Ruth Dunn was eager to go to town to buy a garage.

Melva Hutchison had plans for a large millinery establishment in Paris.

Ellen Isaacson said she would buy chemicals to perfect a patent hair restorer.

La Vonne Kash asserted she was going back to Missouri, where she wouldn't have to be "shown how."

Albert Miller declared in a loud voice that he would establish a home for broken-down basket ball players.

Marian Lydon had decided on a new Ford and would become a traveler and lecturer.

Mildred Marders was rejoicing that she could now go as a missionary to Africa.

Grace Brown vowed she would establish a colony that would rival "Greenwich Village."

Ivadel Murray was satisfied to go to Yuba City to take lessons in voice culture.

Meryle Simmons whispered to me that she intended to buy Rock and Young's, so that Dud wouldn't have to work so late Saturday nights.

Marjorie Smith said she would be public-spirited and build a new jail and court house.

Letha Sherman announced that she believed in an income and was going to buy the Marysville-Wheatland Stage Line.

Norman Taylor loudly reiterated that he believed in philanthropy and would establish a modern apartment house for bachelors only.

Isabel Weldon had plans for a bakery that would specialize in doughnuts.

Celia Woods was going to buy a summer resort in the Coast Range Mountains.

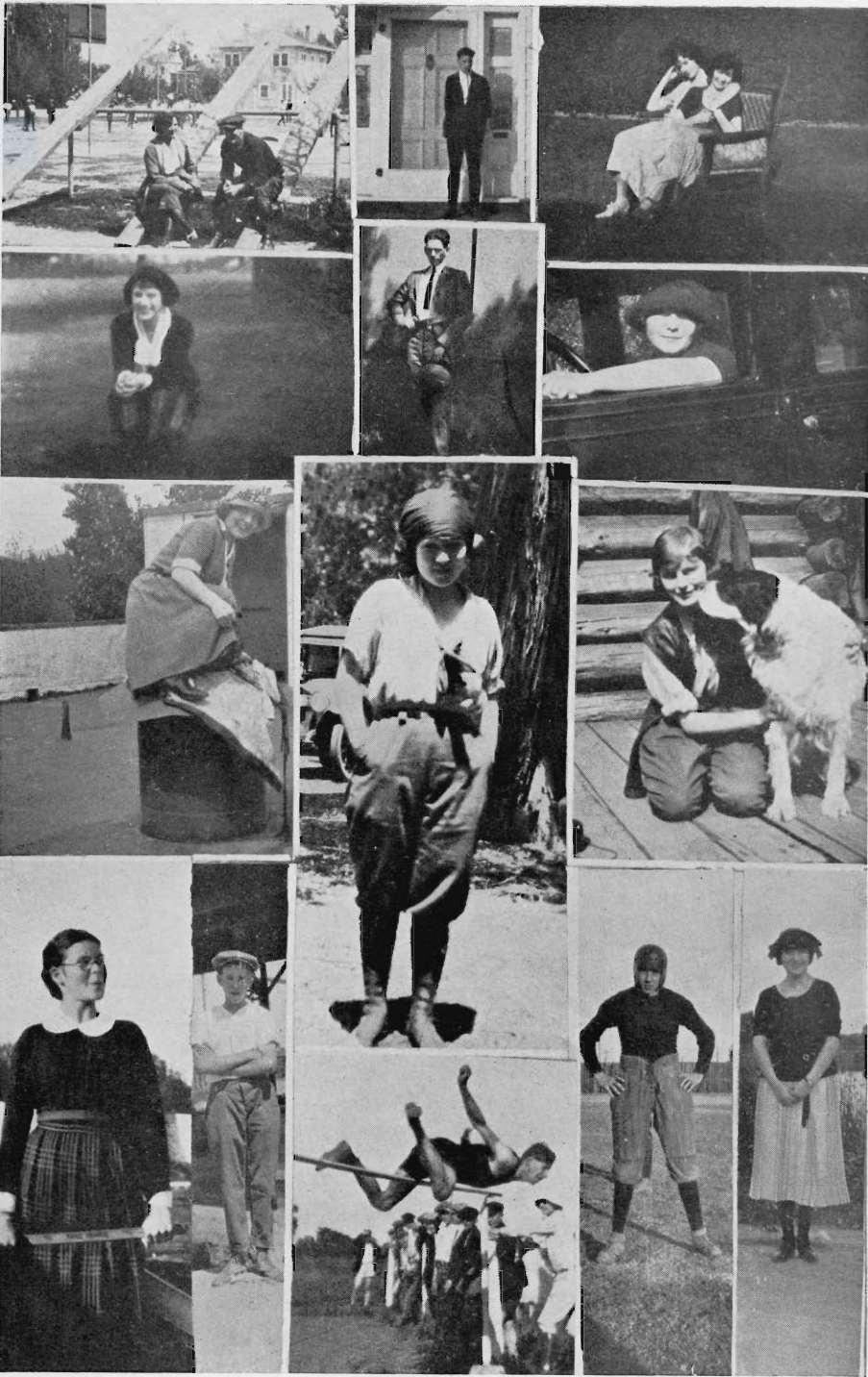
Elizabeth Washburn had an idea she would go to San Francisco and let her money get her into the "four hundred."

Lester Carpenter confided to me that he intended to buy the Appeal and to spend the rest of his life encouraging honest lawyers.

Betty Schillig and Roselind Reed were dancing with glee over the proposition of leasing the new Marysville Hotel and running it after their own ideas.

As I looked around at their bright and oily faces I decided I would better hustle away for some one might want to ride to town with me and muss up my Cheve.

YUBA DELTA



SENIORS OUT OF SCHOOL

Senior Horoscope

Name	Nickname	Indorsed By	Appearance	Hobby	Destiny
Melvin Adams	"Doc Adams"	Himself	Stylish	Chewing Gum	Minister
Dorothy Armstrong	"Snickey"	Norma Burke	Modest Daisy	Rooks	Lady of Leisure
Edith Baker	"Eddie"	Mildred Viney	Refined	Smiling	Deaconess
Ted Baum	"Teddy"	Tennis Players	Substantial	Tennis	Owner of Country Home
Orvin Berry	"berry"	A-bee	Careworn	Physics	Tutor
Agnes Bissett	"Aggie"	Folks in General	Jolly	Laughing	Saves Lady
Grace Brown	"Browmie"	Every One	Daring	Boys	Nim
Norma Burke	"Billie"	Dorothy Armstrong	Happy-Go-Lucky	Laughing	Housewife
Winnifred Bart	"Winnie"	A Cheerful Smile	Noisy	Laughing	Pastor's Wife
Marshall Coats	"Mernel"	Universe	Ghostly	History	Vampire
Iester Carpenter	"Carri"	Tongue	Listening	Fashion Rooks	Chief Editor of London Times
Francis Dempsey	"Jack"	Demosthenes	Pugilist (?)	Rare Jewels	Owner of a Cattle Ranch
Dorothy Donnell	"Maggie"	Her Grin	Aggressive	Prize Fights	Unknown
Ruth Dunn	"Ruthie"	Typewriters' Union	Ball Fellow Well Met	Typewriting	Public Typist
Melba Dutra	"Mel"	A Sophomore	Pleased	Box Cars	Prima Donna
Logan Franklin	"Granite City"	Basket Ball Team	Exaggerated	Being Late	Heart Breaker
Melva Hutchinson	"Melva"	Doctors	Solemn	Silence	Doctor
Ellen Isaacson	"El"	Riding Club	Manly	Moonlight	Farinette
David Jones	"Gravey"	Silence (Is Golden)	Illuminated	Talking	Nurse
Lavonne Kash	"Shoney"	Missouri	Viking	Langages	Poetess
Marian Lydon	"Miriam"	All Her Friends	Artistic	Langages	Heir to a Million
Chester Littlejohn	"Chet"	Shakespeare	Viking	Langages	Owner of a Moonkey Farm
Winnifred Lee	"Winnie"	Los Angeles	Artistic	Langages	Nurse Girl
Mildred Marders	"Mid"	All Her Friends	Lively	Langages	A Composer
Louis Miller	"Loate"	Paderewski	Unique	Langages	President of United States
Albert Miller	"Al"	A City Damsel	Bashful	Langages	English Professor
William Milligan	"Bill"	Football Team	Caesar's Ghost	Langages	Physical Education Teacher
Mavis McCampbell	"Mac"	Lillian Silver	Matter of Fact	Langages	Old Maid (?)
Ivadel Murray	"Shorby"	Cupid	Stout	Langages	Lawyer
Carl Mueller	"Mueller"	Bird Collections	Stylish	Langages	Cook
Rosalind Reed	"Rosebud"	Her Esscx	Willowy	Langages	Movie Hero
Martin Rtes	"Mart"	Freshmen Girls	Occupied	Langages	Poor House
Elizabeth Schilling	"Berty"	Faculty	Innocent	Langages	Cabaret Dancer
Marjorie Smith	"Marg"	Police Force	Pretty	Langages	Stage Driver
Letha Schermerman	"Leth"	Hammonion	Amedium	Langages	Milliner
Mervyle Simmons	"Mer"	Mavis McCampbell	Heavenly	Langages	Music Teacher
Eugene Smith	"Stevens"	Her Winsomeness	Dainty	Langages	Owner of a Dairy
Iesse Sarton	"Gene"	Chamber of Commerce	Necessary	Langages	Druggist
Norman Taylor	"Lesse, Son of David"	Melva	Farmest	Langages	Designer of Dresses
Hera Valentine	"Shasta"	Track Team	Rash	Langages	Swimming Instructor
Mildred Weldon	"Ell"	Senior Class	Ironical	Langages	Physics Teacher
Isabel Weldon	"Middy"	His Parents	Cheerful	Langages	Wife
Amy Wickland	"Dizzy, Lizzie"	Edith Baker	Light	Langages	Second Sarah Bernhardt
Celia Woods	"Amy"	Her Hair	Lean	Langages	Artist Model
Vivian Wilcox	"Cela"	Miss Warden	Determined	Langages	Authoress
Elizabeth Washburn	"Pibs"	Her Sister	Attractive	Langages	Toe Dancer
	"Lizzie"	Personality	Sis Hopkins	Langages	Club Woman
		Beauty Winner		Langages	

YUBA DELTA



SENIORS OUT OF SCHOOL.

Junior Class

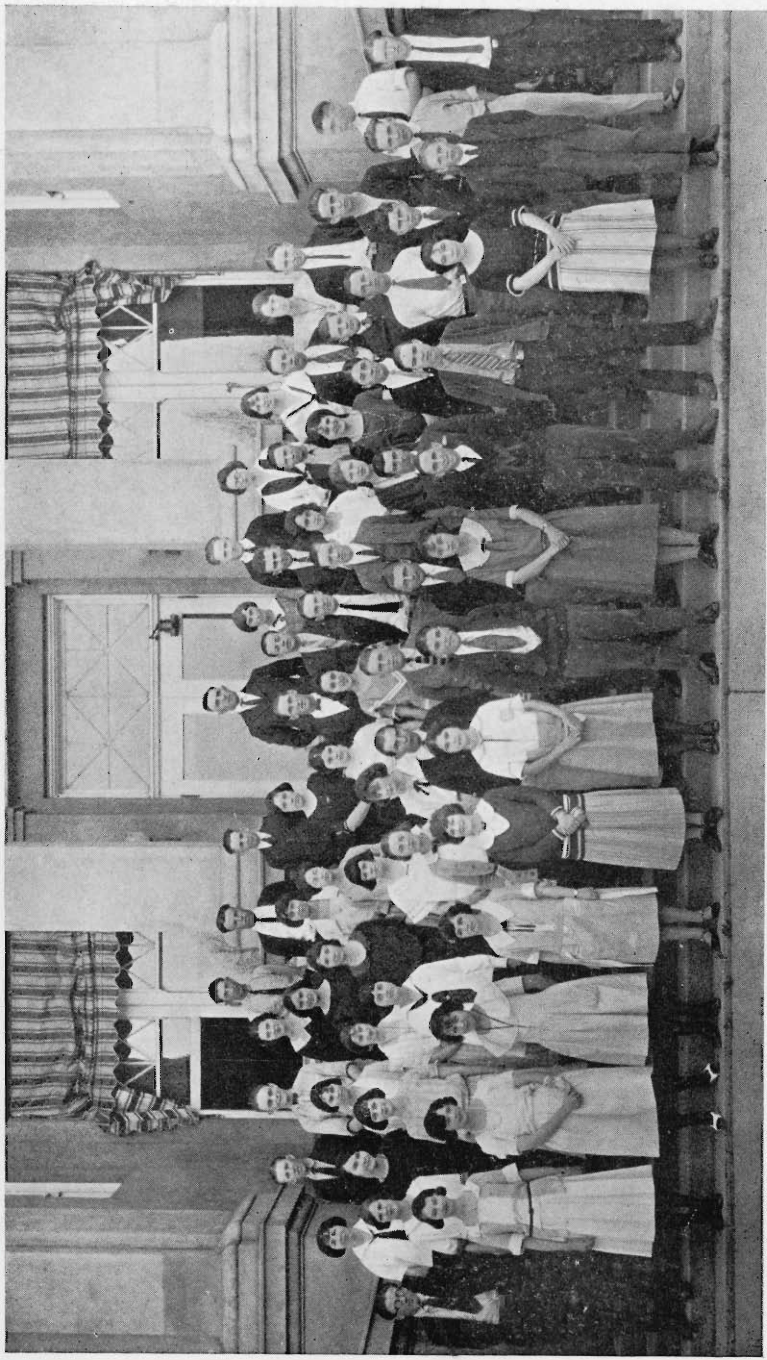
Madeline Taber, '24

SONG OF THE JUNIORS

(THE PEACE PIPE)

By Henrietta Longfellow

From the office to the hallway
Stepped there forth a stalwart figure
L. P. Farris, he who rules us,
Stepped among his warring children
Turbulent amid the hallways
Always wrangling with each other
While the Junior class were children
In November, 1920.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Looked upon them with compassion,
Placed his hands upon their foreheads,
Spoke unto his stubborn children,
"Into our great school has entered
A new class, afraid and timid,
Fearful of initiations
Of the customary hazings.
Upper-classmen have subdued them,
Taken the boys out to the country
Whence they tramped back, sad and weary,
Taken Marjorie's half-hose from her,
Given her hose of green and yellow
Which so brilliant were in color
That the school was dazzled by them,
Stolen from the locks of Alice
Little rats that were so precious.
Little Alice's hair was flattened
And her ears exposed to public.
These and many more misdoings
They have practiced on the new ones."
"I have given you books to read from,
Given you desks with carved initials,
Given you teachers to endeavor
Knowledge in your heads to pound,
So you will attend to business
And will not forsake your studies.
Why, then, are you not contented?"
"I am weary of your quarrels.
All your strength is in your union.



JUNIOR CLASS

You can never lick your neighbors
 In the games of baseball, football,
 Track and basket ball, dissevered,
 Separated by your wranglings.
 I will send to you a prophet,
 Miss Mayne, a beloved counsel,
 Who will listen to your quarrels
 Who will help you mend your battles
 And will mend your wounded bodies
 With her iodine and plaster."

Followed then an awesome silence,
 Fell the classmates on each other
 Wept the tears of true repentance,
 Shook hands heartily and promised
 To unite for many causes ;
 For the games of track and football,
 Baseball, basket ball and lessons,
 So that none should e'er defeat them.
 So that none should e'er divide.

Thus the present Junior class
 Was welded to the other classes ;
 But, tho welded, was outstanding,
 Tho united, was distinctive,
 So that when it goes forever
 It may ever be remembered
 As the class above all others
 Class of '24, beloved.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Leland Hamm
Vice-President.....	Jean Schillig
Secretary.....	Frederick Cooper
Treasurer.....	Virgil Swift
Executive Committee.....	Norman Boyer
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Ray Burriss
Yell Leader.....	Charles Thomas

Second Semester

President.....	Clifford Gottwals
Vice-President.....	Virgil Swift
Secretary.....	Ralph Bryant
Treasurer.....	Norman Boyer
Executive Committee.....	Everett Harlan
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Houston Willetts
Yell Leader.....	Charles Jopson



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Barbara Walton, '25

With a great many old and new faces the Freshman Class of 1925 became the Sophomore Class of 1925, on the 11th of September, 1922.

After the excitement of school opening had quieted down, class-meetings were called. Above the turmoil of "children's" voices, let loose before the meeting was called to order by our "worthy president," could be heard the laugh that simply radiated the spirit of youth. Its source was the well-known member of our class, Billy Belcher! When this had subsided and order was established by Mr. Forkner, our before-mentioned "worthy president" took charge of the meeting.

The first semester president was a boy who presided with dignity quite fit for the occasion, although outside of school his fellowmen called him "Smiley," which isn't so dignified. Whenever, through some "misunderstanding," Smiley was unable to preside, the vice-president, a shy, retiring, self-conscious youth named Robert Boyd, took charge of the meeting. He was such a bashful youth that he had some trouble in controlling his vocal chords! He would do well to follow the example of Demosthenes, filling his mouth with stones and trying to talk above the roar of the ocean (or Feather River).

Billy Belcher was the second semester president and a fine one, too! He also was able to conduct the meeting with proper dignity.

The Freshman reception was held shortly after school began and I assure you, gentle reader, that it brought back many "tender" memories to us Sophs!

I think that the Sophomore Class might well be proud of itself, for when before have Sophomores held two important positions in the Yuba Delta staff? These two are held by Alice Woodworth and Beatrice Beckley, "Joke Editor" and "Snap Editor" respectively. Alice says, "The Joke Department is no snap!" Beatrice says, "The Snap Department is no Joke!"

On behalf of the class and myself, I wish to extend our appreciation to Miss McKenzie and Mr. Forkner, our class teachers, during the year.

"Mother Goose Tid-Bits!"

(With due apologies to Mother Goose)

Ardley Davis is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all!

Alice Woodworth—she is so shy
That her eyes drop down when you pass her by!

Here I am—little jumping Lorene,
When nobody's with me, I am quite serene.

Little "Boy Biff," come blow your horn,

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!

Ronald MacKay, pudding and pie,
He plays tennis with a vim and a vie!

Helen be nimble, Helen be quick,
Helen jump over the candle stick.

There's a neat little clock,
In the office it stands—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

Lawton Castro and Layton Knaggs
Resolved to have a battle,

For Lawton said that Layton had
Spoiled his nice new rattle!

Once Helen Sanford lived under a hill.
(And if she's not gone, she lives there still!)

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Garland Bachman
Vice-President.....	Robert Boyd
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Lawton Castro
Executive Committee.....	Barbara Walton
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Norval Hayes
Yell Leader.....	William Belcher

Second Semester

President.....	William Belcher
Vice-President.....	Lorene Lewis
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Layton Knaggs
Executive Committee.....	Alice Raub
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Norval Hayes
Yell Leader.....	Thomas Matthews

Freshman Class

Dear Kay:

I am certainly sorry that you could not be here for your Freshmen year, for we are having such good times. The Freshmen Class of '26 has shown the other classes what co-operation can do in the school. We are all working with extreme zeal for a high standard in our studies and for the right spirit in athletics and other school activities.

But first, I must tell something about the initiation, which was a grand success. Green bows and bibs were tied on us and then we were made to march across the stage. After various tricks were played on us the rest of the evening was spent in dancing. The Student Body, as a whole, acted as a reception committee, in order that the incoming class might feel that they had a warm welcome. They had tall girls dance with short boys and Freshmen dance with Seniors. The time to go home came all too soon.

School went on with an occasional football game, the boys of our class taking a part. Oren Bass, Ferd Tihista, Barr Shaver, and Edinger Berg were quite the stars of the game, being the only Freshmen to receive letters in football. Basket ball season came with the interest of the class centered upon it. Verna Tihista, Bessie Perkins, Alice Bluett, and Eunice Lambert were the girls making the team. Many boys also participated in basket ball, baseball, and in track. Our class as a whole, is a wide-awake unit working to make themselves a better and larger Sophomore Class. Write soon and tell me about your Freshmen Class.

—Bernice Heilman.

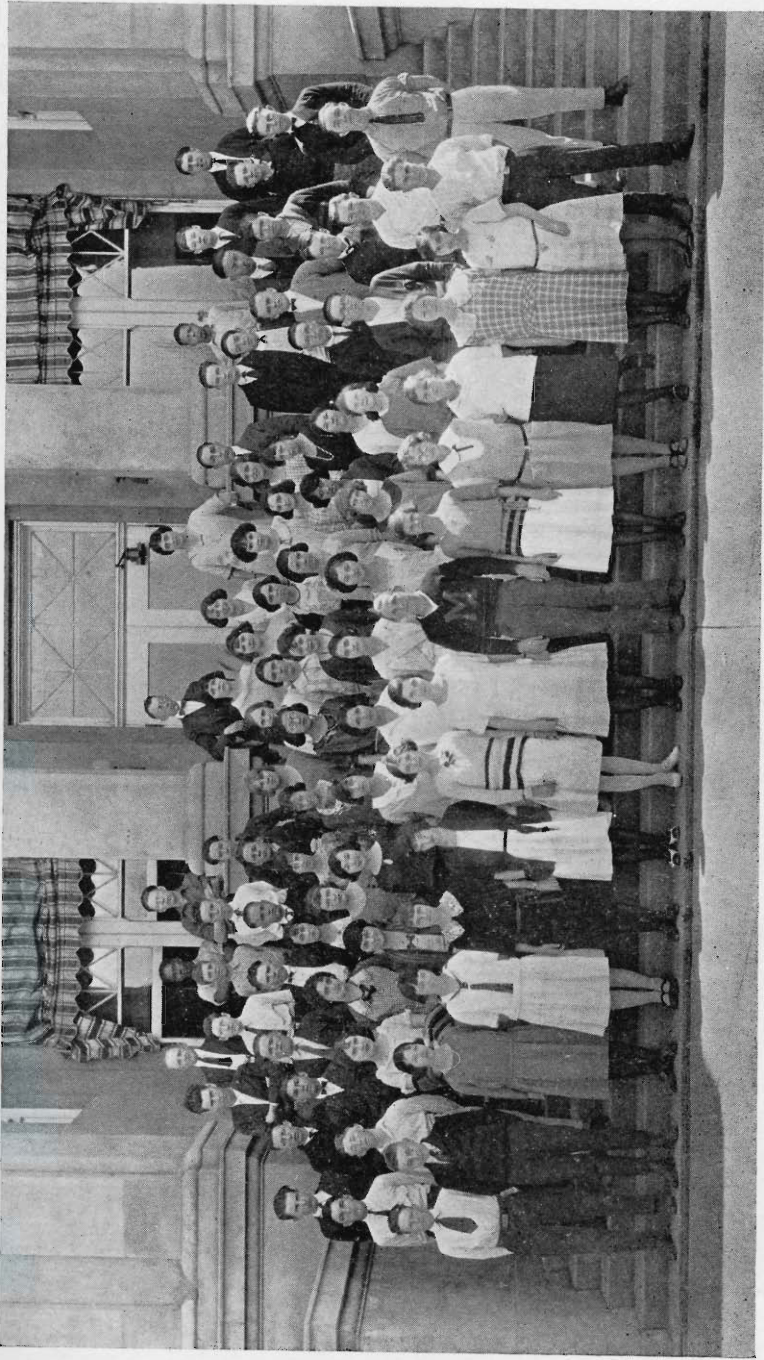
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Alice Bluett
Vice-President.....	Clyde Burris
Secretary.....	Melva Bissett
Treasurer.....	Barr Shaver
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Thomas Matthews
Yell Leader.....	Hugo Del Pero

Second Semester

President.....	Oren Bass
Vice-President.....	William Meek
Secretary.....	Laverne Binder
Treasurer.....	Edinger Berg
Executive Committee.....	Alice Bluett
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Marshal Sperbeck
Yell Leader.....	Ernest Ahart



FRESHMAN CLASS

Yuba Delta Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....	Oliver Johnson
Assistant Editor.....	Jean McCallum
Business Manager.....	Harvey Richardson
Assistant Business Manager.....	Martin Ries
Yuba Delta Advisor.....	Miss Louise M. W. Mayne
Art Advisor.....	Miss Lillian Worden
Literary Editor.....	Dorothy Armstrong
Art Editor.....	Amy Wickland

Class Editors:

Senior.....	Norma Burke, Hira Valentine
Junior.....	Madeline Taber
Sophomore.....	Barbara Walton
Freshman.....	Bernice Heilman
Student Body.....	Verle Marshall
Dramatics and Music.....	Meryle Simmons
Exchanges.....	Eugene Smith
Snap Shots.....	Beatrice Beckley
Athletics—Boys'.....	Francis Dempsey
Athletics—Girls'.....	Jeane Schillig
Jokes.....	Alice Woodworth
Alumni.....	Norman Taylor

YUBA DELTA STAFF



Martin Ries	Harvey Richardson	Oliver Johnson	Jean McCallum
Amy Wickland	Miss Lillian Worden	Miss Louise Mayne	Dorothy Armstrong
Bernice Heilman	Barbara Walton	Jesse Sutton	Norma Burke
Francis Dempsey	Jean Schillig	Verle Marshall	Meryle Simmons
	Alice Woodworth	Norman Taylor	Beatrice Beckley
			Eugene Smith



Oliver Johnson, '24
 Jean McCallum, '24

Tying Up With the Town

It is a real pleasure to note the growing advance in the relations between the school and the town. This has been shown during the present year in many ways. Recently we have had two most pleasing illustrations of community co-operation. The Lions' Club delighted us by rewarding athletic prowess in our school, in giving medals for basket ball, baseball and football. On May 2, the Rotary and Lions' Clubs were the guests of the school at a luncheon and program, on which occasion great enthusiasm was shown by both the clubs and the high school. We note also with great pleasure the willingness with which the business firms and the individuals of the town have aided the school in the various activities given during the year. In this connection we are glad to mention the valuable aid given by the following, in graciously lending properties throughout the year: Baker's Flower Shop, Bradley's Model Shop, E. L. Case and Sons, Hampton Hardware Co., S. D. Johnson Co., Marysville Lions' Club, Leo Smith, Mrs. Will Wiseman, Mrs. P. T. Smith, Mrs. Harvey Wiseman, Dr. John Duncan, Dr. Everett Gray. There are still others whose courtesies we should be glad to recognize, if space permitted.

Democracy

Since the founding of democracy in America this has been recognized in the United States as the ideal form of life and of government. Through democracy every shade of opinion and every known fact of life has opportunity for expression. Thus there is gradually being established a political and social equality.

The same ideals, applied to school life, imply the recognition of a fellow student on his personal ability or scholarship and not on the financial or social standing of his parents. The expression of a democratic spirit is the natural desire of students, when their minds begin to broaden under educational and not under artificial ideals.

In order to create a true democracy a social equality must not merely be accepted as a desirable dream but must be established. The true merits of each student must be brought forth; the weak, that is, those who naturally decline expression, must be protected against the strong. The girls as well as the boys have executive ability and leadership, and both should be given an opportunity for the expression of their abilities.

The results of a true democracy in any school would undoubtedly prove very profitable. Justice would be meted to all, and there would be friendship with every student. Democracy would insure the greatest freedom of expression to all individuals. We should have the very best officers and leaders, who would accomplish and maintain the best results for the entire school.

Our school spirit has been developing in this direction during the past year and it is certain to lead us to greater success in all of our activities and undertakings, in the next year, if we continue our development along these lines. The Student Body of M. U. H. S. has carried out this attitude to a certain degree this year as well as the newly organized Girls' Association, which has endeavored to create a feeling of equality and to eradicate class distinctions. A more democratic spirit has been clearly marked in our social gatherings. With such a foundation, next year promises to be a memorable one for the growth of a true democracy in our high school.

Our Union High School

If one should turn back to the pages of the Yuba Delta of 1922 he would find there a very convincing article on the great necessity of a union high school district.

We, as students of the Marysville Union High School, express our gratitude and appreciation, in this issue of our annual, to the voters and taxpayers of this section who have made possible the formation of a strong union high school district for Marysville and the adjacent districts. This has brought us many improvements, it has enabled us to have better school facilities, has equalized the tax, and has aided in the erection of our wonderful new gymnasium. It is a big step in the progress of our school to be able to say, "Marysville Union High School."

Student Government

When a group of students have reached the stage where they can govern themselves, it is a crime to deny them student government. It is, however, a greater crime to give them self-government before they are prepared for it.

It is true that the students of this school can not govern themselves, as yet. It is equally true that many students recognize this fact and that they are laboring to reach that stage. Not only that, but many of the students who are prepared to take this advance step are striving to bring the rest of the student body to the same level.

These and many other facts tend to prove that within a few years there will be enough level-headed students in school to take charge of our student body affairs and handle them in a method that will meet the approval of all.



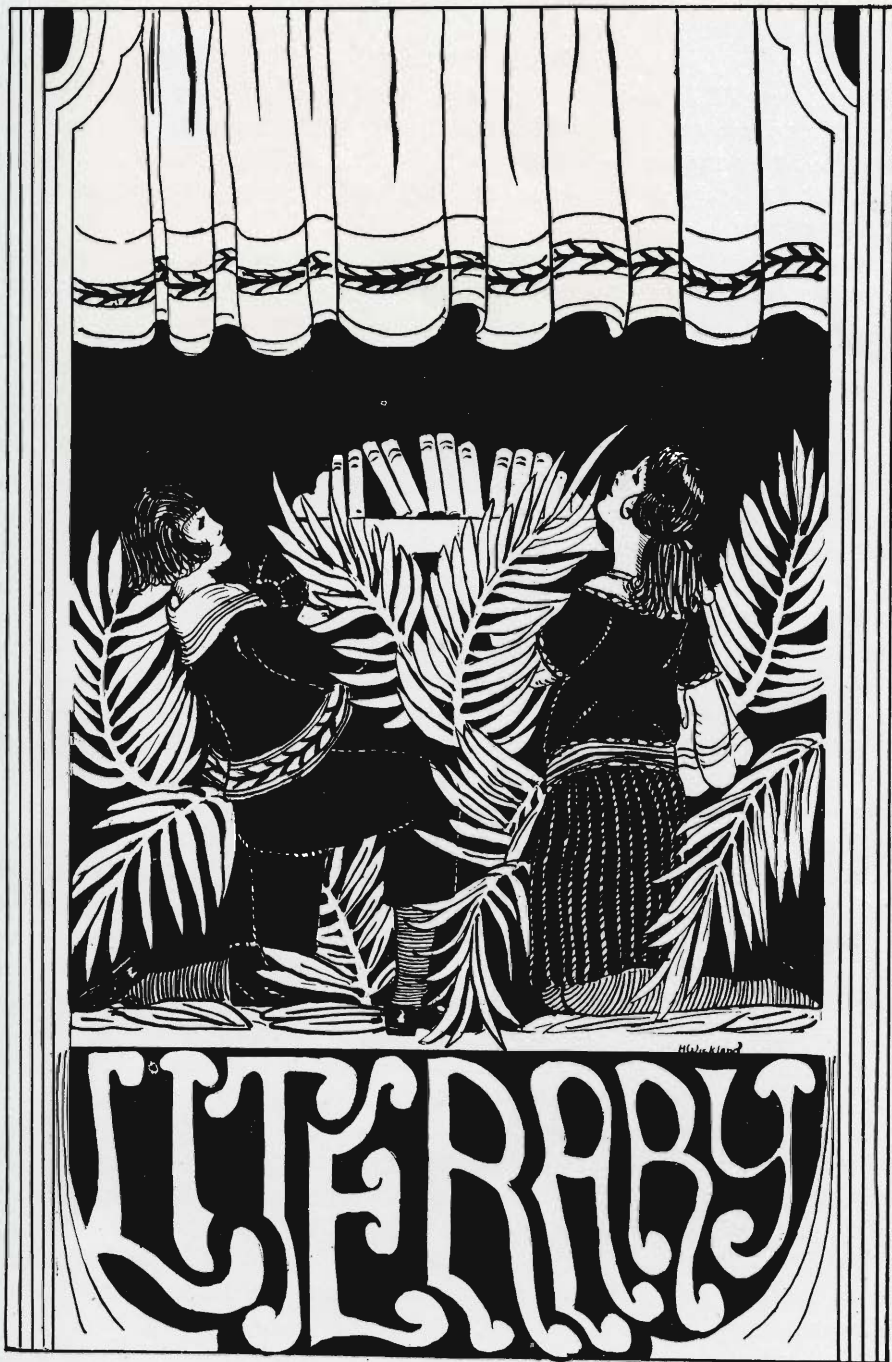
THANKS TO TYPISTS

The editors of the Yuba Delta and the Yuba Delta advisor wish to take this occasion to thank the members of the typing department for the invaluable services rendered in typing manuscript for the present issue of the Yuba Delta.

Our thanks are especially due to Ruth Dunn, Melba Dutra, Mary Sutfin, Charlotte Alderman and Alice Almquist.

THANKS TO JUDGES

The principal and the head of the English department wish to thank the committee who served as judges on the stories which appear in this issue of the Yuba Delta. Those who so kindly served us in this capacity are: Miss Irene Smith, Marysville; Mr. Martin Sullivan, Yuba City; Miss Mary Stewart, San Francisco.



The Lost Stradivarius

PRIZE STORY

Meryle Simmons, '23

I had been riding over the jagged mountain trail all day and still I was many miles from camp. I will not deny that I felt no need for hastening. In fact, I felt a great desire to linger along that mountain trail. I had recently found that this rugged landscape, so rough and wild in the sunlight, took a soft and silvery hue in the moonlight. What a delight just to study that landscape! Below me ran the deep and everlasting canyon, and through the canyon the Yuba River made its way over jagged rocks and rushed rapidly over precipices. Above me was spread the serene sky, and on all sides the graceful pines whispered and bowed to one another. I fancied that I saw grotesque figures dancing here and there, and presently I found myself listening to the music that only silence can produce. I wondered if words had ever expressed the beauty of this scene. Had there ever been an artist who had put so impressive a picture on canvas, or was it possible for any musician to appeal to my emotions as did the music of this forest?

No wonder, then, that I felt loath to hasten my ride back to camp; but I knew it had grown quite late and my horse had begun to show signs of much restlessness, so we again turned into the trail and started on our way to camp. Don, my spirited little pony, was quite familiar with the trail. We ascended the much-dreaded pitch and started down the long descent, when I noticed that Don was holding back at a slower rate of speed than was his usual gait. Suddenly he stopped entirely, pricking up his ears and turning his head in a listening attitude. I felt somewhat alarmed at these actions and listened intently for a few minutes, but I heard no unusual sound.

"Come, come, Don. Do you know you are alarming me needlessly?"

Don moved slowly on, but he did not change his listening attitude. Perhaps this lingering along the trail at midnight would not prove as pleasant as I had anticipated. I became more alert and watched on all sides. Presently we emerged from a densely thicketed portion of the trail into the clear moonlight. Again I looked for some sign that might explain Don's agitation, and to my great surprise I saw some moving object away down the trail. I could not decide at such a distance whether the object might be a man or some wild animal, but in a short time I had little difficulty in making out the figure of a man slowly making his way up the trail. Travelers at night were seldom heard of in this part of the country, and my curiosity was at once aroused. The man took no notice of us, however, until we came quite near to him. I wondered what sort of man this night traveler could be—perhaps a robber, or a maniac, or an escaped convict. At any rate I had decided to stop to question him. Don foresaw my intentions and halted directly before this queer young man.

"Well, good evening, my young man. Am I right in thinking you have lost your horse, and can I in any way assist you in regaining him?"

The man was clearly startled. He drew back into the shadows in a frightened fashion; then, as if he saw his act of discourtesy, he stepped out and put his hand on Don's head. The moon now shone full upon his face, and my astonishment as I gazed into that face can not be overrated. It was a pale, thin face and showed signs of recent suffering. The forehead was high and straight and his features were finely chiseled, but the expression was the most unusual, a dreaminess and kindliness mingled with a queer, dazed and appealing air.

"Horse? Why—why, no, I—I haven't lost my horse. I—I don't own a horse."

I could not doubt that this young man spoke the truth, but I was, indeed, puzzled by his answer.

"Oh, I see. Perhaps I can give you a lift, then? I suppose you are headed for one of the camps, aren't you?"

"Camps? Are there camps here?" asked the young man as he gazed upon the hills with that same dazed and appealing expression.

"Yes, indeed. You have surely heard of the Yuba River and its gold mines, haven't you?"

"No. I've never heard of the Yuba River. I feel so strange. I—I think, perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll go with you to the gold camp."

"Why, certainly. But if you are ill, perhaps I can relieve you; at least I can try. You see, I've been giving my services, as a physician, to the various camps along the river; in fact, I'm just coming home from a quite serious case at one of the camps down yonder. So I am prepared and quite willing to do what I can. My name is Dr. Harburn. Evidently you are quite a stranger in this part of the country."

"I'm glad to know you, Dr. Harburn. You are right. I am a stranger in this part of the country. My name is—is—. He hesitated, and I thought I saw a wild and helpless expression leap into his eyes.

"My name— —." He went on. "Merciful Heaven! Surely I have not forgotten my name, also! Can't you help me? Must I go through life in this miserable condition? Doctor, I cannot remember, I—cannot remember—a thing."

Many years have passed since we two stood upon that mountain trail, but the sad picture of a man, with helpless, appealing eyes, kneeling before me, his face buried deep in his hands, is still a vivid picture in my mind.

I bent over the kneeling figure and tried to comfort him; but, try as I would, my simple words would not express the deep sympathy I felt for this lone stranger.

This was undoubtedly a serious case of amnesia. In college we had dwelt a great deal on this subject, and since then I had had a few cases; but, taken as a whole, my experience with such cases had not been great. At any rate I was duty bound to do my best.

Side by side we stumbled along that rough trail, Don slowly following us. There was no word spoken, for often words are useless.

A grey mist shrouded the tree tops and distant mountains, and through

that mist I saw our camp in the far distance. Upon our arrival at the camp I suggested a warm breakfast and a good rest for my patient. I felt that he would be handicapped without a name, so I took it upon myself to call him Tom Tarwin. I observed every action and used all my scientific knowledge in trying to diagnose his case.

There grew between my patient and myself a great friendship. We were constantly together, spending hours tramping over the mountain trails, or riding to some nearby camp. I felt that the fresh night air was too severe for my patient; consequently, we spent our evenings in various ways at the camp. My friend took a great delight in reading, and our discussions of a number of books and subjects were indeed most interesting.

Before many days, however, I saw a great change in my patient. I felt quite alarmed at this change, for surely this restless mood which possessed him was doing him great harm.

"Tom," I said one day, "why are you so restless?"

"I don't know, Doctor," he answered, "surely some little demon has possessed me, for day by day I feel more and more that when my memory left me, something else went also,—something that was all in all to me. I don't know what it is. But I must find it. I **must** find it."

"Just another link added to this puzzle, Tom. But as you say, we must find it. But in the meantime try not to excite yourself in any way. Perhaps this box of books I have resurrected will help to occupy your time."

"Thank you, Doctor," he said. "I find my greatest pleasure in reading your books."

I sat down at my desk and in a few minutes was diligently answering a stack of business letters. After a short time had elapsed, Tom's voice broke the silence.

"Doctor."

"Yes, Tom."

"Where did you get this book?"

"Oh, let me see! That book?—'Musical Instruments'. Why, that only gives a short description and a few pictures of musical instruments. I don't remember where I did get it. Why? Does it interest you?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you love music, Doctor?"

"Yes, my boy, very much. By the way, the miners say that often at night recently they have heard beautiful strains of music coming from a distance, but nobody seems to have found whence it comes. Queer, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. I shall listen myself tonight, for I love music."

"I'm glad to hear that, Tom. Music is a great companion. I must leave for Camp No. 3 in a few hours, and I shall not be back for a few days. But with all these new books you will get along splendidly. Good-bye, Tom, until then."

Tom shook hands with me and wished me luck on my trip.

My trip lasted three days. As usual, I was riding at night and rather leisurely, letting Don pick his way over the trail. My thoughts were on Tom. What a splendid young man he was, but how strangely afflicted! Hark!

What beautiful strains of music! Without a doubt this was the violin heard by the miners.

"Listen, Don," I said in a low tone. "Listen to the message of the mountains, of the pines, of the flowers, and of the birds. The tones ring with the joy of living. Some lone wanderer is nestled among these canyons. He has seen what I saw many nights ago, only he has the power to express it through those tones, while I have no power to express it at all."

The music died away in the darkness. I waited and waited but I heard no more. Keenly disappointed, I rode on to the camp, with those wonderful strains still ringing in my ears.

I could barely wait until morning to see my friend, Tom. I had decided that some night in the near future I should incidentally bring Tom to the point where I had heard the music; then I could only hope that the hidden musician would seek again to express the same marvelous melodies.

I found Tom highly elated on this morning over some curious rock he had found in his possessions.

"I absolutely can not account for its being in my pocket, Doctor. I certainly did not put it there, and how could anyone put it there without my knowing? See, Doctor! Just look at this closely. It is perfectly smooth on both sides, except for the carving. Without a doubt someone has carved the diagram for a purpose."

"But what purpose?" asked Tom, excitedly.

"Why, it is hard to tell, Tom," I answered.

"Do you suppose that someone could have left a treasure hidden somewhere in these mountains? Could a miserly hermit have stored his treasures in some safe place and then carved this diagram for means of discovery in future years?"

"Surely. We have often heard of such things, Tom, but not quite so near to home."

"Just look at the carvings on this rock," continued Tom. "See, on this side is a zigzag line running the whole length of the rock. At a certain point along this line is a circle with a cross within it. It is not difficult to imagine that this zig-zag line represents the Yuba River and the cross within the circle marks the place where a treasure is hidden. I'm going to look for that spot. I have a queer presentiment, Doctor, that I shall find a treasure there. You may treat this as a wild-goose chase, but I am going with a queer feeling that I shall find something,—I know not what it is,—but something that will make my life worth while."

I listened to Tom's passionate words with growing wonder. Could this presentiment be connected with my secret hope? Surely there could be no greater treasure than what I hoped would be restored to Tom.

"But I must show you the other side of the rock, now," continued Tom. "This seems to be a diagram of a cave, Doctor. You see, off in this corner is another cross which I think marks the exact spot where the treasure is hidden. Now, Doctor, my plan is to make a systematic exploration of the river in search of the cave. If one can judge by distance, I should say that it

is situated somewhere in this locality, and of course it is on this side of the river."

"To be sure, Tom," I said, humoring him. "Now, have you planned what night we shall make the exploration?"

"Well, Doctor, I suppose you are very tired, but couldn't you possibly go tonight?"

"Yes, I am very tired, but I could spare a few hours, at least. Of course, it may take us many nights to discover the cave, you know. And perhaps we shan't find it at all."

"Yes, but a few hours will put us on our way."

Without a doubt a few hours would bring us to the spot where I had heard that beautiful music, and I thought that a sufficient reason for promising Tom a few hours of the night. Perhaps we should not hear the music tonight, but there would be other nights. Perhaps, on one of these nights Tom would find his treasure.

A few hours after dusk we both set out with unusually high spirits. I decided that there would be no harm in allowing Tom to lead the way for awhile, at least. He did not wander far from the river and his intense alertness was indeed remarkable. We came upon a beautiful spot nestled in a canyon far above a deep bank of the river. A few hours of constant climbing had tired me considerably and no doubt had tired Tom also, for he seemed quite willing to abide by my suggestion that we should rest in this lovely moonlit nook. A warm breeze was rustling the leaves and the sweet scent of the pines filled the air. I felt a drowsiness come o'er me, and I nestled back upon the brown carpeted ground.

Hark! Surely some one near me was moving stealthily. I started up quickly. Behold! Tom was slowly moving away. I could not see his face, but his manner alarmed me. Why should he move so stealthily? He looked neither to the right nor the left, but walked in a dazed yet determined manner.

Instantly I began to follow him. Not many steps brought my friend to a great pit. To my great astonishment I beheld Tom slowly slide down into the pit and disappear entirely from my view. Surely this was a mad nightmare; still I needs must follow my friend. The pit, I discovered, was the entrance to a cave. But Tom was no where to be seen. I crawled down the pit and followed a narrow passage which led me to a large dark room. I stood at the entrance a moment and gazed into the darkness. Suddenly I saw a tiny gleam of light flicker and then die away. Again I saw the tiny gleam; it grew and grew and soon the farther end of the room was lighted with a soft, rosy hue. I moved a step toward the lighted portion of the room but paused, for the low pleading tones of a violin had reached my ears. In the far corner of that room the musician was dimly outlined. I came nearer and nearer and with each step my amazement grew greater and greater, for now I clearly saw that the musician was no other than my friend, Tom. At the moment I was speechless with wonder, but soon surprise and curiosity grew upon me, and I could not forbear calling his name.

"Tom!"

A quiver ran through his body. The music stopped with a great suddenness, and I feared I had been too hasty. Tom was motionless and speechless. The silence in the cave-room was fearful. I had laid my hand lightly on Tom's shoulder; the spell was broken, for Tom turned and grasped my hand tightly.

"Doctor, Doctor," he exclaimed. "I remember everything!"

"Tom, my boy, I rejoice with all my heart. Sit here, where the candle-light brightens up your face and tell me all."

"It is all quite clear now. But, Doctor, my name isn't Tom. It's Burke,—Burke Clayton. My home is in Salt Lake City."

"Well, Tom, your name to others may be Burke, but to me it can never be other than Tom."

"Thank you, Doctor. I was just thinking how queer it would seem to hear you call me Burke. But first, let me introduce you to 'Strad,' dear old Stradivarius." Here Tom (for so I shall continue to call him) held out his treasured violin with a joyful laugh. Without pausing, he went on with his story.

"You see, Doctor, Strad is a very valuable violin. It has been in the family many years, but to me it means more than it has ever meant to my ancestors. Just by chance I overheard a plot revealed in which Strad was to be stolen. A very great price was to be the reward. I felt that I could not live without my violin, so I wrapped it securely in this velvet and packed it in its case and started to the Sierras. I had a definite plan, Doctor. You see, this cave was the home of a hermit friend of my great grandfather. The man, I believe, was an old philosopher, quite famous in his time, but during his old age he made his home in this cave far from those who loved or cared for him. During the last few months of his life he refused to see any one. No one entered the cave until after his death. He was buried, I believe, somewhere in these mountains. A few months after his death my grandfather made a visit to his cave and found it quite comfortably furnished. For fear that some ruffian would make his home here my grandfather had the place stripped of everything. The old man had many valuable books which are still to be seen in our family library. But the most striking object my grandfather brought from the cave was a curious flat rock with a diagram of the river on one side and a diagram of the cave on the other. That curious rock is the same I now have in my hand. It led me to this cave where I hid "Strad" safely under this rock. I remember leaving this curious rock in this little cubby-hole, but how it should be in my possession now is far beyond my understanding. I started home again but I did not follow the trail. My horse had never been broken to mountain riding and we had much difficulty in making our way. Suddenly I came to a great precipice—I shudder now to think of it. Without warning or apparent cause my horse gave a plunge, and falling down that precipice is the last I remember. I do not know how I found my way to the trail, but I am glad I found it, for it led me to one of the best friends I have ever known. Doctor, you've been more than a friend to me, and the pleasant hours I have spent with you will never be forgotten."

"Thank you, thank you, my boy. I would have done more for you, if it had been in my power. All is clear to me now."

"No, Doctor. All is not clear to me. There are two things that I cannot account for; one is that mysterious music heard at night, and the other is the possession of that curious rock."

"Well, Tom, until a few minutes ago I should have called them mysterious, too; but now, I know that there is no mystery connected with them. That mysterious musician was yourself. Of course, you know nothing of this, but I should have thought of it long before now. Often in cases of amnesia, the patient walks in his sleep. Evidently you have been in that state, and while in that condition your memory comes back to you. Without a doubt you have walked here night after night and played upon your Stradivarius. One night you picked up this curious rock and put it in your pocket. Of course, you could not account for it the next day. You see now, how these two mysteries are solved. /

"You remember, Tom, when we were resting in that beautiful nook over yonder? I looked up just in time to see you stealthily moving away. You were then walking in your sleep, although I did not know it at that time. I followed you with growing wonder. When I discovered it was you bringing forth those wonderful strains of music I could not forbear calling your name. It was dangerous for me to do so, but I will not dwell on that, for evidently it was the one big thing that brought back your memory."

"Doctor," stammered Tom, "I cannot speak but through the tones of my violin."

So saying, Tom softly drew the bow over the strings. Softly growing into a passionate pleading, the tones rang through that dimly-lighted cave, swelling with vibrant feeling, dying again into a faint whisper. The wailing and weird chords rang out. Surely the very life of the musician was seeking expression through these tones. Sinking into sweet, sad, and solemn tones he played on and on. Since that lone night in the cave often these same vibrant, sweet, and flute-like tones come back to haunt me. Again and again as I think of Tom hugging his Stradivarius in the candle-lit cave, that world-famous verse of Masfield comes flitting through my mind:

"In a dark corner of the room,
Perhaps forgotten by its owner,
Silent and dim with dust,
I saw the harp.

How many musics slumbered in its strings,
As the birds sleep in the branches,
Waiting the snowy hand
That could awaken them.

Ah me, I thought, how many, many times
Genius thus slumbers in a human soul,
Waiting, as Lazarus waited, for a voice
To bid him 'Rise and walk'."

The Curse of the Pharaoh

Verle Marshall, '24

Lord Edward Cameron, the leader of a party of Egyptologists who were exploring in the Valley of Kings, had suddenly come upon a stone step in the sand. After clearing away the sand, Cameron and his natives found themselves face to face with a massive stone door.

Carved on the door was the Royal Necropolis which is a seal found only on the tombs of Pharaohs. Cameron realized that at last he must have discovered the entrance to the tomb of the king about whom he had heard such fascinating tales.

Force was applied to the stone door but to no avail. Then by mere accident one of the natives leaned against a portion of the Royal Seal. This pressure released a hidden spring and the great stone door flew open!

"Come on, Amon," cried Cameron, excited, to one of his more trustworthy natives. "Let's go in and find out if this is the tomb of that great old Pharaoh, Tutankhamen."

Cameron ran into the yawning mouth of the tomb with Amon following closely.

A little later, to the surprise and horror of the superstitious natives, the great door quickly closed, entombing their master and his servant.

"The punishment of the Pharaoh for desecrating his tomb!" said the natives in awe-stricken voices. "We must tell the other men," suggested one native. "Perhaps our master can be saved, but the power of the Pharaoh is strong."

After the news of the imprisonment of their chief the men tried in every way to gain entrance to the tomb. All attempts failed, so at last they gave up hope of ever seeing Cameron again.

Cameron and Amon had been exploring and did not know of their fate. When they reached the passageway they found to their surprise that the entry was closed. The great stone door resisted the petty attempts of the men to move it from its place. Then the two men realized that they were at the mercy of the dark, suffocating tomb and its horrors.

At last Cameron became calmer and resigned himself to his fate. "Well, Amon," he said, "we are trapped. God pity us in our plight, for there is not a chance of escape. What's the use of worrying? Come on, let's go farther. These treasures are remarkable specimens of Egyptian art."

"Master," whimpered the frightened native, "it is the curse of the Pharaoh!"

"Superstition won't get us any place or it won't help matters any," said Cameron. "I'm going on."

On and on, from room to room, went the two men. Each room became hotter and darker than the last, as if they were far under the earth, and the torches which the men carried flickered fitfully in the foul air.

Cameron opened one door of beautifully carved ebony and from the room beyond came a breath of air so foul that the torches were extinguished, leaving the men in total darkness.

"We might as well die here as any where, old man," said Cameron, trying to be cheerful. "We can't get out, so let's make the best of it. Seems to me I hear water trickling in this room and I'm thirsty."

As the two men groped about in the musty-smelling room and their eyes grew accustomed to the dark, they became aware that a feeble beam of light entered the room from a fissure in the ceiling. The apartment was sufficiently lighted to reveal its contents.

The room was hewn from a large rock, whose walls were covered with rude, fantastic carvings. Various treasures lay heaped about. The huge flat stones which formed the floor gave forth hollow ringing sounds, as the men walked upon them.

"Master," whispered Amon, "what is that dark thing in the center of the room?" Amon's question was answered, for at that moment the ray of light rested upon the dark object.

"It's a mummy!" exclaimed Cameron. "I say, look at the jewels—what a wonderful ruby!" He removed the ruby from the breast of the mummy and examined it, holding it very carefully so that he might not drop it. The stone was minutely carved. Cameron placed it in his pocket planning to examine it at another time.

"Amon, where is that maddening noise of trickling water?" asked Cameron. "I'm thirsty, man, I've got to have a drink!"

"Master, here, maybe this is what makes the sound," said Amon from the other side of the mummy.

"What a unique drinking bowl!" exclaimed Cameron. "Pure alabaster! It must have been put here when the king was buried, so that he might not want for water. How does this thing keep full but never run over? I don't care how it gets here or—but what queer colored water! It's yellow and sparkles like champagne. Funny color, but I'll drink, if it kills me!"

Cameron drank deeply from the bowl and then turned to tell Amon about it. He was nowhere to be seen. Presently from the dark, came the profound snoring of Amon. Cameron, strangely exhilarated by the water, laughed at the queer noises Amon made.

"Well, I feel rather drowsy, too," said Cameron, "but I'll take another look at the ruby before I go to sleep."

He had barely placed the ruby in his hand when he felt a strange tightness about his throat. His limbs seemed paralyzed. He tried again to drink from the alabaster bowl that he might soothe his parched throat, but he was destined never to reach the bowl, for with a feeble but horrible cry, he fell dead at the side of the mummy.

Amon had heard the cry and was awakened. He ran to his master's side, but too late. Cameron lay, a horrible distorted figure, with arms out-stretched to the drinking bowl.

"May I be saved from this, Osiris!" shrieked Amon, frantically seeking a way of escape from the ill-fated chamber.

The poor native crawled along the floor, hoping that he might find a way out. His groping fingers came upon an iron ring in the wall near the floor. He pulled, and with a rusty grating sound a small door, just large enough for a man to crawl through, opened, revealing a long passageway, faintly lighted.

Amon crawled through the passage for ages it seemed and at last reached daylight. The passage ended near the spring of the oasis where the camp of Cameron's followers was located. The native, weak with terror, fell face downward in the scorching sand, fearing to look about him.

One of the men, taking his donkey to water, saw the prostrate figure in the sands. He ran quickly to the man and when he turned him over he saw that this was Amon, Cameron's faithful servant.

Cool water from the spring revived Amon and when the men were gathered around, he told them how Cameron had met his death.

"O, masters, I saw my lord drink from a bowl to quench his terrible thirst. That was all I saw, for I fell asleep, because the air in the tomb was so stifling. I was awakened by a cry which I knew was my master's. I ran to help him, but I was too late. He was dead and lay with his arms outstretched to the drinking bowl and—"

"Poisoned water!" interrupted the men. "Take us to him, Amon. Can you?"

"What's the matter?" queried the excited men. "Are you afraid you'll get killed, too? Come on, Amon, we must be taken to poor old Cameron."

"I think I can solve this mystery within a short time," suggested one of the men. "Will you let me try?"

"Gladly, because we'll have to give out the notice of Cameron's death and some cause for it or we'll all be suspected of murder," answered the men, glad of the chance to have the mystery solved.

An examination of the tomb and the drinking bowl proved the latter to be harmless. It was supplied from the spring of the oasis and had remarkable powers of revivification.

An examination of Cameron's body disclosed a black oval-shaped burn in one of his hands. Another search of the tomb and the ruby was discovered. Its shape tallied exactly with that of the burn in Cameron's hand.

Under the microscope the minute carvings on the ruby proved to be hieroglyphics in the carvings of which a poison had dried. The next step was to translate the inscription. It was this—

"Child of the later days—

"Osiris giveth to me the power to look into the future.

"I have foreseen that some day my tomb will be desecrated,

"My very mummy free for the whole world to gaze upon.

"For thee have I prepared this ruby.

"It has been steeped in poison of so deadly a nature

"That it needeth only to come into contact with the moisture of the body

"To do its deadly work.

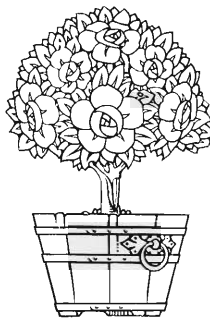
"Thus shall my mummy be saved from desecration."

—"Tutankhamen."

The ruby solved the mystery of Cameron's death and for many years Tutankhamen's tomb was not desecrated, for Cameron's men securely sealed it.

The men who are now revealing the treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb are ignorant of the curse of the Pharaoh, but will never be harmed, for Cameron's natives buried the accursed ruby deep in the sands of the desert that tells no tales.

The age-old moon which mysteriously lights the ruined temples in the Valley of Kings, alone knows where the Pharaoh's Curse is buried and will forever keep the secret.



Secrets of the Flames

Marian Lydon, '23

At about ten o'clock on the morning of August 25, 1902, Chin Foo started forth from his attractive yet weird store to go down into the heart of Chinatown. As he slowly wound his way through the crooked alleys he began contemplating the revenge which he was to execute against an American physician, Doctor Lynchotte, who pretended to be friendly to the Chinese but who really was aiding the police.

At a meeting of the Tong, the night before, it had been decided that since Chin Foo knew the doctor personally, he was the best one to perform the deed, and Chin Foo had agreed to their plan, saying that he had a way of carrying it out.

As luck would have it, he met the doctor hurrying up the street. Chin Foo spoke politely, "How do you do, Dr. Lynchotte, I hope that you are feeling well."

"Quite well, quite well, Chin Foo, and you?"

"I am enjoying the best of health, I thank you. Will you come to examine a book I have just picked up from a friend? I know you are interested in books."

"Why, certainly, Chin Foo. I will be in in a few days. Good-bye till then."

"That will give me great pleasure. Good-bye, honored sir."

As the doctor passed, Chin Foo bowed very low and very slowly and then continued his walk. He went to Wing Hong, the doctor's valet, who was also a good member of the tong and was willing to abide by its decisions. He told Wing Hong of the plan and gained his consent to help in executing it.

About four days later the doctor came to Chin Foo's shop. A sign over the door, "Curio Shop," did not suggest anything out of the ordinary, unless you knew it was a Chinese Curio shop, yet the moment you entered you felt that here was a breath of the old sinister Orient with its weird and sometimes awe-inspiring suggestions. You had to go down a short hallway and then into the room. You stopped suddenly, rather stifled by the air inside, which was tinged with the odor of incense. You waited a moment for your eyes to get accustomed to the dull light, provided by candles mostly, because the windows were draped with heavy tapestries, fierce with writhing dragons who breathed forth fire. Here was a veritable land of color.

In a little alcove, presumably the place of honor, sat an enormous and hideous Buddha surveying his domain with a leer on his face. His altar was draped with costly silks and draperies of all sorts and the walls behind him were lined with tapestries. There was a small receptacle in front of the monstrosity, which was kept for the burning of offerings. Lighted candles were placed at either side of the god, the lights of which played upon his face and seemed to control his expression. Sometimes he looked at you with a leer, sometimes with a smile, then perhaps with a glance of fury.

One side of the shop was lined with books of all descriptions, some with excellent covers, others with tattered ones but none the less interesting.

When Dr. Lynchotte entered, Chin Foo greeted him cordially and invited him to inspect the book. He took him over to a dark corner of the shop and there he showed him an old tattered book whose leaves were still rather firm and whose gilded edges were still shining.

While looking through it the doctor came upon one page that surprised him, for this is what was written:

“Who seeks this page—beware the cost,
For lurking here—memory is lost,
Turbid thought from fever rages,
No cure—no hope—within these pages.”

Chin Foo had been called away for a few minutes and when he returned, the doctor asked him if that page had any significance.

“It is a warning to those who are too curious,” said Chin Foo. “It tells about the plasmolatic fever which can be easily contracted. There is no hope of cure from the disastrous result which, as you know, is insanity.”

While he was talking, Dr. Lynchotte ran his finger up and down the edge of the leaf. Suddenly he felt a prickling sensation in his finger. Looking down he saw that it was cut. He laughed and tied up the finger with his handkerchief. Shortly after that he bade Chin Foo good-bye and left.

Ten days after this he sailed for Northern China accompanied by his valet. Two weeks later a notice appeared in the paper.

“Died on board the Orient, Dr. H. C. Lynchotte. He became ill with fever and soon grew violently insane. One evening he escaped and jumped overboard. The cause of his illness is puzzling.”

Three weeks later while Chin Foo was sitting in his store, Wing Hong entered and walking silently up to Chin Foo bowed slowly and pointed down to the floor. Chin Foo arising did the same. Then Wing Hong quietly left the store, closing the door softly and carefully behind him. Chin Foo deliberately stepped over to the shelf where lay the book, picked it up carefully and carried it down to the furnace.

As he dropped the book into the flames he smiled maliciously and slowly closed the door of the furnace.

"Black Bart, Po-8"

Norma Burke, '23

"Here I lay me down to sleep,
 To wait the coming morrow,
 Perhaps success, perhaps defeat
 And everlasting sorrow ;
 Yet come what will, I'll try it on,
 My condition can't be worse,
 And if there's money on that box,
 'Tis money in my purse."

—"Black Bart, Po-8."

As McConnell finished reading this, he threw it down with a curse for the writer. "Don't take it so hard, man, you did all you could," and the chief in charge of the stage headquarters patted him on the shoulders. This remark, however, brought little consolation to McConnell, for he replied, "Yes, but it's disheartening to have been held up four times by the same man and to have no clue, only a silly jingle for every robbery."

The purple mantle of the mountain twilight was dropping on the hills, as the Oroville-Quincy stage came around the shoulder of the mountain. The ring of the horses' hoofs broke the death-like silence as they struck the stones in the road. The proud "boys" swung rapidly forward, thinking of the rest that would soon be theirs. The coach lurched from side to side, swaying the men who sat on the driver's seat and throwing against each other the passengers, who were weary and dusty after the hard day's journey. The journey was almost at an end. With a loud cry the driver drew the horses to a stop beside a cool laughing stream which in its course came near the road. The passengers alighted and walked about. In the distance lay a fallen log almost hidden by the foliage of red poison oak on which was sitting, as still as if painted, a red fox with sensitive nose lifted and gorgeous plummy tail.

The leaves rustled, suddenly parted, and a masked man all too familiar, stood before them. In a moment more he had the black box under his arm and had started to withdraw. "What's your hurry?" drawled a man, as he stood before him. The bandit leaped and the man fired. They rushed to the underbrush through which he had escaped, from which fluttered a white handkerchief.

* * * * *

Charles Bolton, senior member of the very respectable firm of Bolton and Eliot, brokers, was sitting comfortably at his desk lost in thought. He was awakened from reverie by the office boy announcing, "Chief of Police to see you." The chief of the San Francisco police force walked leisurely into the office and seated himself in the manner of one who was not unaccustomed to calling at that particular office.

Bolton, who had often given the chief information about the financial standing of questionable individuals, wondered who the police were interested in now. Instead of getting down to business the chief asked:

"Did you just get back?"

"Oh, no! I arrived yesterday," replied the broker.

"You should discharge your housekeeper. She told me this morning that you were still in the mountains."

"Oh, I haven't been home yet. I stayed at the Palace last night, so that I should be able to see some wealthy clients this morning."

"The white-line bus driver told me that he brought you from the ferry less than an hour ago."

"Why, impossible!"

"Cable of the Examiner told me a moment ago that he rode on the bus with you."

"I must have a double."

"Look, Bolton, the blood from that bullet wound is staining your trousers."

There was dead silence, while the eyes of Bolton followed the eyes of the "Chief of Police."

"Do you confess?" asked the chief in a low voice.

"The jig's up, I see. How did you ever find out?"

"Perhaps you recognize this handkerchief? It was left behind by the bandit who held up the Oroville-Quincy stage, and it bears your laundry mark."



A Man's Revenge

John Scott, '24

George Grant, sitting in the sumptuous office of the Grant Aeroplane Corporation, seemed to be annoyed by the letter which he had hastily read. He was a man well past middle age, with overbearing and domineering appearance. His cold grey eyes and tight lips showed him to be a man who generally got what he went after.

Rising from his chair he stepped to a window and looked over the vast factories of which he was the guiding head. Again he glanced at the letter and began to pace the floor. Finally with an air of decision he seized his hat and hurriedly left the office. When his large limousine stopped at the curbing where he was standing, he gave his chauffeur the address to a house in a deserted outskirt of the city.

While sitting in the heavy and expensive car he seemed to be continually muttering a name. When the automobile was suddenly stopped he nervously looked out and saw that he was in front of a very large, dilapidated house which was surrounded by an unkept yard and a mass of towering trees. The vacant windows of the great building seemed to stare at him. A partially dead vine struggled up the unpainted walls and strove to climb over the eaves of the singularly flat roof.

Hurriedly walking to the entrance he moved the old-fashioned brass knocker. When the door was opened, he stood with an air of hesitancy, but squaring his shoulders he entered the house.

"Where's your master?" he said, turning to the old bent man who had let him in.

"Come," was the rather imperative command.

Following his guide down a singularly bare hall and up two flights of stairs, he was motioned to enter a long low room. Glancing around, he gave a start of surprise. Not a piece of furniture was in the entire apartment. It was filled with crates of canned goods and other articles that a person would choose if he were going to live far from civilization. Turning around he saw his guide standing in the door with a sardonic smile on his face.

"But where—where," and then with a start of surprise and fear plainly written on his face, he screamed, "You're Jib Lakely."

The only answer was a slow nod.

"But you seem so—so old."

"Yes, but I have reason to be. For nineteen years I have lived and worked for only one thing. While you, you lived in luxury gained from the invention which you stole from me. Now I have come to receive payment."

"What do you want, money?"

"No, I do not want money."

With a frightened and cornered look in his eyes he stammered: "You aren't going to kill me?"

"No, I am not going to kill you."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want you, George Grant."

"Me, you want me?"

"Yes, I want to put you where you will rob no more honest men."

A dull roar pierced the silence. Grant intently looked at Lakely, who seemed to wear an unusually satisfied air.

"What's that?"

"Only the air pump in the furnace," Lakely hastily replied.

Turning, he locked the door through which they had entered and walking toward the end of the room started to leave by another door. When his back was turned Grant stealthily drew an automatic from his pocket. As he was on the point of firing, the room gave a terrific lurch and he fell, striking his head on one of the crates of canned goods.

Lakely quickly recovered and taking the automatic from Grant's nerveless fingers, he unlocked the door through which they had entered and threw it out. Going back to Grant he bound him with some strong cord which he took from his pocket.

When Grant became conscious Lakely had left him, the only noise being the dull roaring sound as though some gigantic fly were dashing against a pane of glass. For hours he lay on the floor of the room. Every now and then the room would rock as though carried on the back of some giant.

At the opening of the end door Lakely entered, carrying a tray of food.

"Come and eat," he said.

"How can I, all trussed up this way?"

"Why, that's right," and bending over he cut Grant's bonds, at the same time taking a pistol from his pocket.

Sitting on one of the boxes Lakely watched Grant as he ravenously swallowed the food. Suddenly there came a break and sputter in the dull roar. Lakely with a look of anxiety turned toward the end door.

Grant, seeing his captor's back, turned upon him, leaped up, and opening the door that led to the stairs sprang out. A scream pierced the air.

Lakely ran and cautiously peered over the edge. Far below the giant airship he saw a black spot rapidly falling. With a look of baffled rage he turned and went to the engine room. His years of labor had been wasted. Justice had been dealt by a greater power.

Bobby Believes

Madeline Taber, '24

Bobby and Helen sat facing each other, fingers poised on the three-cornered table. Slowly it moved.

Bobby gazed at it, his mouth wide open, and then recovered himself.

"Oh, I don't believe in Ouija, anyway," he said, staring at it apprehensively as he spoke. "I bet you're pushing it, Helen, I bet you are!"

"I'm not, either; look, it's just moving all over! Go on, Bobby, ask it something."

"Aw, I can't think of anything. You ask it, Helen!"

"Oh, all right. Let's see! Who's Bobby's girl, Ouija, huh?"

"Aw, say, I'm not going to play. How would we know, anyway, if it was right or not? I haven't any, anyhow," said Bobby, hastily, turning a dull brick red under his freckles, and lifting his grimy fingers from the board. "Girls make me sick!"

"Oh, all right, old crab. Just for meanness, ask it something we know the answer to, really. Just to prove it to you, smarty!"

"Well, now, we know we haven't any relatives at Hillcrest except Uncle Davy and Aunt Sally, so just ask it how many relatives we have at Hillcrest."

"That's a bright question," Bobby grew sarcastic. "All you have to do is to push it to two, and then tell me it's magic!"

"I won't, either. Ouija, how many relatives have we at Hillcrest?"

Ouija remained motionless for some minutes, while an expectant silence filled the room. Another minute passed, the stillness broken only by the ticking of the clock. The cat moved on the hearth and both children jumped.

Bobby glanced with an "I-told-you-so expression" at Helen.

"Just another minute," she murmured. "Just till three o'clock."

They sat through another breathless minute, until the mysterious cuckoo in the clock came out and told them "cuckoo" six times, in his soft voice.

As if unloosed by magic the three-cornered stand began to move slowly over the board. It was Helen's turn to look "I-told-you-so."

They hung over it in breathless expectancy. Ouija stopped a moment, undecided, and then slowly wended its way to the corner of the board, and stopped in a satisfied manner on the word "Yes."

Bobby hooted!

"Oh, if that's not sensible! Oh, gee whiz!" he rocked with laughter. "How many relatives? 'Yes!' Oh, my, oh, my!" The idea seemed to tickle him immensely.

Helen elevated her small pug nose in the air and sniffed haughtily.

"Oh, you don't expect it to work exactly right every time, do you, silly? I guess everybody makes mistakes! You just try it again."

"Oh, sure, I'll try it. Maybe it will go to 'no' this time!"

Again they hung over the board, Helen with unshaken faith and Bobby openly derisive. The table moved a little.

"Ouija," said Helen, slowly, "how many relatives have we at Hillcrest?" Slowly, slowly, the little table crept about the board, and then, as though its mind were made up, it slid quietly down and stopped—on **three!**

Helen almost cried.

Bobby hooted unmercifully, while his sister implored the Ouija to be more truthful. The Ouija, after Helen had implored and Bobby had ridiculed, moved in a leisurely manner down to "Good-bye," and stopped there for good and all.

Bobby's hilarity was awful to behold. He laughed, he mocked, he ridiculed. He made up a maddening chant about:

"Helen's little Wee-jee Board. Never told a ly—ee!" and shrieked it until Helen uttered wails of anguish.

At last the telephone bell rang and even the wretched Bobby knew that that meant silence. He occupied the time while mother was talking, however, in making faces at Helen, until she could stand it no longer, and by signs and gestures conveyed to her brother that she was going to "tell." It was then that mother, herself, beamed upon them from the doorway.

"Children, I have the most delightful news for you!"

The Ouija was forgotten for the moment.

"What?"

"You have a brand-new cousin. The stork brought it to Hillcrest at exactly three o'clock. Now you have three persons to play with, when you go to see Uncle Davy!"

Bobby turned and gazed at the Ouija board in wonder and awe. Then he turned to Helen.

"Come on, Sis, let's ask it if he can play baseball!"

"Lotus Blossom"

Vivian Wilcox, '23

No, it was not true—it could not be true, but still there was the letter conveying the fatal message which caused the last glimmer of hope to vanish. His mind refused at first to grasp the full meaning of the note, but at last four words seemed to stamp themselves upon his mind never to be erased or to become dim. Over and over Mr. Morane read those fatal words, "Marian drowned at sea," and at last his overwrought nerves and tired brain caused him to fall into a troubled dream. He visualized the helpless little girl struggling against the powerful waves, as she sank again and again in the darksome depths. Once again the almost lifeless form arose, only to disappear forever in the murky waters.

For many months after the death of his sister Mr. Morane was unable to work, but as his condition was not bettered by idleness, he decided to resume his duties as Secret Service Agent. Fortunately, he was detailed on several cases for the Government, which caused him to spend a number of years away from the United States. Six years passed and Morane, who had achieved great success in his undertakings in the European countries, returned to his home in America. The outlines of the tragedy had grown dimmer, for he had devoted all his energies to his employment.

At this time a great change was noticeable in America. Morane was surprised to learn that the use of opium had become a serious menace to the people and to the nation. Kim Lung, a notorious character, who was believed to be the means through whom opium was smuggled into the country in large quantities, was reported missing. Word had been received that he had returned to China, and Morane, who again craved excitement and adventure, was trusted with the duty of locating him.

Upon Morane's arrival in the Orient, he immediately became one of the teeming millions of the "Underworld" who lived their pitiful lives in the most squalid surroundings. A feeling of depression slowly crept over him as he glanced down the narrow, winding streets which led to the waterfront. Perhaps this was due to the strangeness of the life; nevertheless, he knew he was depressed. Sinister-appearing crafts loomed mysteriously in the distance and everything seemed to have taken on a grayish hue. The gray sky and the gray water blended into one another and seemed to form an impenetrable barrier to the mystic land beyond. Weird sounds of every sort filled the air, which kept one guessing as to their origin. The atmosphere which was ill-smelling and disease-laden, was unbearable to one not accustomed to such conditions. Queer looking Chinamen with stooped shoulders and pale, drawn and dreary countenances paced to and fro in the dirty, crooked passages, staggering under the weight of their cruel burdens.

One day as Morane was walking down an exceptionally filthy street, he observed a rather unusual-appearing Chinese girl emerging from a small tea

shop. As he neared, he noticed that her eyes were red and swollen and tears were rolling down upon her pale and troubled face. As she glanced up at him he saw that her lips quivered slightly in an unsuccessful effort to control her emotions. Morane would not have been able to analyze or account for the feeling of pity that surged within him at that moment, nor was he surprised at hearing himself speak in a normal voice to the girl.

"You seem to be in trouble and, if I can assist you in any way, I shall be very glad indeed." The girl hesitated an instant and then glanced quickly toward the shop. She seemed undecided but finally turned to Morane and said in a low musical voice which still quivered slightly, "We are not safe here, but if you come with me, I will tell you all that is possible." They walked on in silence for several blocks, until they came to a less crowded section where they paused. Morane learned that the girl was known as "Lotus Blossom." In reply to several questions, she said, "My father was a very distinguished Chinese, they tell me. I do not know. I do not remember my real parents. I have lived for several years here with my guardian. He is most cruel and often punishes me severely. He is away a great deal and I take charge of his shop during his absence. I am often very lonely, but I have orders to speak to no one. That is the reason I could not converse with you in front of the shop."

By the time "Lotus Blossom" had ceased speaking, Morane had decided to confide in her. He wondered why she appeared so surprised when he told her of his mission. "Why—why, Kim Lung is my guardian," she ejaculated. Their astonishment was so great that for several moments not a word was uttered. At last she said, "I did not know that Kim Lung was selling opium outside of China, but he tells me nothing. Oh, how I detest him!"

"I fear we can do nothing for the present, except await further developments, but if you should ever need help, do not hesitate to come to me."

Many days had passed and Morane began to believe his little friend had forgotten him. During this time, "Lotus Blossom" had not been faring so well. She was not able to please her guardian in any way. One day, as she was thinking of her new friend, a footstep was heard in the hallway. Kim Lung paused at the door and cried out, "Are you going to deliver that stuff for me?"

"No," quickly retorted "Lotus Blossom." At first, he was too astonished to reply, but soon rage took the place of astonishment. He advanced toward her with a quick, noiseless step. She shrank from him but he seized and shook her roughly. Still, she would not obey his wishes. Deeper and deeper sank his finger-nails into the tender flesh, until, unable to endure the pain any longer, she cried out in agony, "Oh, stop, and I will fulfil your wish."

Kim Lung released the trembling girl and said to her, "Indeed, you will obey me. Come to my den in twenty minutes or I'll—." The rest of the sentence was lost in a cruel, heartless laugh as Kim Lung slammed the door.

When "Lotus Blossom" had recovered sufficiently, she ran in the direction of Mr. Morane's house. She realized she had only twenty minutes for her errand and by exerting her will power she managed to reach the house in a

short time. When Morane grasped the meaning of her visit, he knew that the time had come when he must fulfil his mission. They left the house and with the aid of several officers managed to break into the den of Kim Lung. At last the notorious opium vendor would cease to trouble anyone. Morane was also in time to prevent several cargoes of opium from being smuggled into the United States.

* * * * *

What a change had taken place in the little tea shop! The entire store had been transformed, when Morane came to say good-bye. Never again would the evil opium vapors rise from the dark corners of the room to greet the newcomer. Instead, the sweet perfumes of various blossoms would send forth a greeting of peace and happiness to everyone.

Morane cheerfully greeted "Lotus Blossom" as she came into the room, although the thought of parting made him feel vary sad. He had never seen her look so beautiful and his thoughts turned back to his little sister. How he wished she were living now! For several moments neither one spoke, so lost was each in memories. At last Morane said, "Before I leave, may I have permission to search Kim Lung's den, as papers of great value may be hidden there?" She readily consented and they walked into the dark, gloomy room which had once been the pride of Kim Lung.

Morane did not find anything of particular importance and was just about to leave the room, when his eye detected a small book in the corner. It was a diary and as he turned the leaves of the book, his attention was caught by the center of a page. "Lotus Blossom" noticed the queer expression of joy mingled with doubt, as he read the words. She seized the book but could not gather the full meaning.

"Purchased small girl by name of Marian Morane from sailor, who picked her up at sea."

Several minutes elapsed and not until she saw Morane advancing toward her, and heard a voice full of emotion cry out, "Sister," was the meaning of the words made clear. This time she did not try to check the tears as they rolled down her cheeks, because they were tears of happiness, and with a sob of joy she ran into his outstretched arms.

"Saved By a Hare's Breadth"

Aletha Canning, '24

Each visitor, soon after his arrival at Hartford, Montana, hears the story of the Rabbit's Hutch, and is taken to see it at least once before he is allowed to return to the outside world. All persons like to hear of excitement and narrow escapes, and there was a place where a man was saved, literally, by a hare's breadth.

One spring day Jim Nelson, financier and sportsman, was fishing along a stream near Hartford, Montana, when the sky suddenly became very cloudy. Nelson immediately started on his way back to town, but before he reached the town the storm broke, and Nelson had just reached the old mine when the hailstones began pounding down. Thinking only of shelter he went down the shaft to wait for the storm to die away. Suddenly there was a noise, similar to that of a cannon. The rock over his head shook, and in a moment the shaft caved in, and all was black. Escape was impossible, but there was plenty of air available.

Nelson was not likely to attract attention by calling, as the road which ran past the mine was not much traveled. Nevertheless, he shouted at intervals, all day, for three days. Now, all hopes of being released were abandoned. Still Nelson shouted whenever he thought he heard a sound.

The morning of the fourth day Nelson heard something crawl into his grave. Lighting his last match, he was greatly surprised to find a rabbit. There was only one aperture where the rabbit could have come in, and that hole was no larger than necessary for the little animal.

Jim Nelson immediately saw in the rabbit food to appease his hunger, but just as he raised his hand to strike the blow a thought occurred to him that prevented the blow from descending.

Nelson took off his shirt, tore it into strips, and tied them together, making a rope. He then thought of his two fish-lines. Their united length, added to that of the rope, would reach to the road. Next he tied around the rabbit's neck the end made out of the shirt and let the rabbit out through the crevice in the rock, through which he had entered.

The rabbit soon reached the end of the line, and Nelson knew by the way he was pulling that he was making a desperate effort to escape. Soon the tugging ceased, and as he knew that gnawing was one of a rabbit's accomplishments, he thought he had gnawed himself loose.

About two hours later two men sauntered by.

"Look, Pete!" said one man to his companion. "I wonder why that rabbit doesn't run."

"He's caught," Pete answered. "Don't you see?"

The men crossed to the bush and noticed immediately that it was clothing that held the animal.

"That's queer; I wonder what millionaire around here can afford to tear his shirt up to tie an insignificant rabbit?" Pete queried.

"But it isn't all shirt! Jack, look! There's a fish line, a good one, too, tied to it."

"Something's queer about it, all right!" said Jack. "Let's follow it and see where it leads."

So they started off, only to find the string entering a crevice in the rock.

"I wonder"—Jack said, looking at Pete, startled and rather awestruck.

"But there's been nobody but tramps down that old shaft for years."

"That was a terrible storm four days ago," Pete answered. "Do you suppose?—Hurry, let's look at the shaft entrance."

On arriving there, they found a tree fallen, and the shaft caved in. So they went back to the crevice where the line entered the rock, and shouted, but were unable to hear any answer.

"Pull on it, Pete," said Jack.

After Pete let the line slack, there was a slight tug.

"There is someone in there. Let's run for men and food."

All grew still again. After a time Nelson felt another tug on the line and pulled it in. It brought him food. It took all the men who gave their assistance nine hours to reach the mine's victim—Jim Nelson.

The rabbit had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned so securely that he couldn't move at all, so lay in the road beside the bush. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the Hartford market afforded.



ORGANIZATIONS

Student Body Notes

Verle Marshall, '24

It was a stormy evening and the little group of persons who were sitting near the roaring fire laughing and talking, formed a bright contrast to the gloomy weather.

The conversation concerned the new airplane which had made the trip from San Francisco to London in one day. Suddenly one of the children interrupted with, "Say, Grandma, there must have been interesting things happen when you were a little girl."

"Yes," answered the grandmother, "I have something which will give you an idea of things as they happened when I went to high school."

The old lady brought out a little book called, "The Yuba Delta, 1923." Then she carefully turned the yellow pages and what the children read was this:

September 11, 1922—School opened today and everyone is anxious (?) to begin work. The Freshmen are frightened. (As usual.)

September 12, 1922—Today we had our first assembly for this year. Mr. Farris welcomed us with one of his pleasant talks and urged us to make the highest marks possible.

September 14, 1922—J. Rush Bronson gave an inspiring address concerning our country's flag and our national anthem. He asked us to begin being patriotic 'at home by boosting our own community. One thousand pupils of the Marysville schools attended this patriotic program.

September 16, 1922—Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the noted author, gave an interesting talk in our auditorium last evening. Her subject was, "The Menacing Curse of the Drink Evil." A plea was also made for the Wright Act with the hope that the bill might be passed and liquor abolished. "America has public spirit," said Mrs. Norris, "and the abolition of liquor is but one sign of this fact."

September 20, 1922—Mr. Robert Robertson, Scotch comedian, entertained us today with an account of his experiences in the Great War, interspersed with witty and original sayings and poems.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



Gerald Booth
Betty Schillig
Lester Carpenter

Martin Ries
Norman Taylor
Oliver Johnson
Clifford Gottwals

Eldon Ramsey
Melvin Adams
Harvey Richardson
Warren Ahart

Leland Hammi
Jean McCallum
Logan Franklin

September 28, 1922—Mr. M. A. Dittman, manager-secretary of Lassen Volcanic National Park, was here today and gave us a fine talk on the Lassen National Park. Mr. Dittman showed colored lantern slides to illustrate his lecture.

September 30, 1922—The Freshmen have been initiated into the mysteries of the Marysville Union High School. They behaved well and seemed to enjoy the musical program and dance we gave them.

October 6, 1922—Our first football rally! Fine school spirit! The coach and members of the team gave talks and Warren proved to be a capable yell leader.

October 12, 1922—Mr. Farris announced that there are now 346 pupils attending the school. We're growing!

October 13, 1922—Fire Chief W. Meek talked on fire prevention to-day. If we obey Mr. Meek's instructions there won't be any more fires. We then held one of our spirited rallies for the football teams.

October 17, 1922—Virgil Swift and Clifford Gottwals gave us an idea of how forests are guarded from fire. Mr. Morrison also talked on this subject and urged us to be careful about camping in a forest.

October 18, 1922—Mr. H. E. Atwood talked to us about our government and constitution. Mr. Atwood is the author of "Safeguarding American Ideals" and "Back to the Republic."

October 20, 1922—Another football rally. Members of the team and Coach Bissett talked. Warren led the yells.

October 31, 1922—Mr. P. A. Linebarger gave us demonstrations in physical strength. He also gave a short talk on the injurious effects of the cigarette.

November 4, 1922—Another football rally today. We're getting ready for November 11—the big game with Willows!

November 4-5, 1922—Boys' Y. M. C. A. conference at Chico. Several of our fellows attended. Leslie Russell addressed the convention of "Tying Up With the Home."

November 7, 1922—Today we had an assembly to decide upon entering decorated cars in the Armistice Day parade.

November 10, 1922—The orchestra played several selections today, and we all sang our football song with lots of spirit, for tomorrow is the big game. The rally went over with lots of spirit.

November 11, 1922—The M. U. H. S. had five prettily decorated cars in today's parade. There was a car representing the School Board and the student body and each class entered a car. We're anxiously awaiting the game this afternoon.

November 17, 1922—Had a spirited rally to-day for the football and track teams.

November 21, 1922—Mr. L. E. Cutler of the State Automobile Association gave us instructions in safety first and carefulness in driving a machine. Postmaster Lewis told us how to wrap and address Christmas mail.

November 22, 1922—Mr. James Allen of San Francisco told us about "Dreams That Come True" and how to materialize the dreams.

November 29, 1922—Jesse Sutton, Leslie Russell and Francis Dempsey, of the Public Speaking Class, spoke on "Why Tobacco Must Go." We also had a big rally for tomorrow's football game.

December 18, 1922—Dr. Rutherford spoke to the boys on the evils of the cigarette today, and impressed upon their minds the fact that smoking was not good for young minds and bodies.

December 20, 1922—To-day we had our first assembly in the new gymnasium. The rally was doubly spirited because of the fact that we have a new gymnasium, and that there are to be some basket ball games soon.

December 22, 1922—Today the branch high schools—Dobbins and Smartsville—came down to unite with us in our Christmas program. Our program consisted of Christmas readings by Miss Dorothy Armstrong and Miss Alice Woodworth, and musical numbers by the orchestra and chorus classes. Then the branch schools gave the following numbers: A reading, a selection by a three-piece orchestra, two patriotic numbers, a Spanish dialogue by the pupils of the Dobbins school, and two mythological scenes from the "Trojan War" by pupils of the Smartsville school.

December 23, 1922 to January 8, 1923—Just back from a fine Christmas vacation. We're now ready for work in earnest.

January 11, 1923—Our new gymnasium was officially dedicated last night by State Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Will C. Wood. Dr. Herbert Stolz, superintendent of physical education, talked on the benefits to be gained from the gymnasium. Mr. Gree T. Work, principal of the Yuba City High School, talked on the co-operation of the two neighboring schools. Mr. W. Lewis of the School Board, presided over the meeting. Under the careful direction of Miss Barbara McKenzie, the orchestra and the chorus classes rendered a fine musical program.

January 29, 1923—Rev. Alwyn Butcher gave us an interesting talk on Hawaii where he lived three years. Rev. Butcher illustrated his lecture with beautifully colored pictures of the Islands.

January 31, 1923—To-day we had our election of student body officers for the second semester. The election was managed just as city or state elections are. We had precincts, polls, and a capable election board. Although this election was a novel one in our school, we learned just how city or state elections are carried on.

February 1-2, 1923—Examinations!

February 22, 1923—Lincoln-Washington program, also a rally for the Yuba Delta. The program consisted of the "Gettysburg Address" given by N. Taylor, Markham's poem on Lincoln presented by Melva Hutchinson, musical numbers by the girls' chorus and the orchestra, "An Appreciation of George Washington" by Miss E. Benthien, and several numbers by St. John's quartet, accompanied by Miss Madge Maynard. Then several members of the Delta staff presented various phases of Yuba Delta work.

March 14, 1923—To-day we had an art exhibit, reproductions of some of the world's greatest paintings being presented. The man who brought the collection told interesting histories or stories about each picture.

April 5, 1923—Miss Bessie Friedman, world's champion for accuracy in typing, gave a demonstration of her skill.

April 6, 1923—A representative of the Studebaker Automobile Association showed us pictures of the construction of a Studebaker automobile. These pictures were both educational and interesting.

April 9, 1923—To-day the College of the Pacific quartet rendered a very fine concert. John Scott, one of the quartet, is a member of the alumni of the M. U. H. S. The young men displayed fine voices and their program was such that everyone could enjoy it. After the concert Mr. Will Brown, of the Lions' Club, told about the gold belt buckles to be given to the best player on football, baseball, and basket ball teams. These buckles were given instead of the customary medal. Mr. C. N. Hernden, president of the Lions' Club, presented L. Franklin and W. Milligan, with the buckles for being the best players on the basket ball and football teams, respectively. It is too early in the season for the best baseball player to be selected, but it is to be expected that there'll be an exceptionally good baseball player found sooner or later.

April 24, 1923—Fifty-two varieties of wild flowers and over a hundred species of stuffed birds were on display to-day. This afforded an opportunity for studying birds and flowers that we had never seen or heard of before.

ROTARY AND LIONS' CLUBS' PROGRAM

At the luncheon given by the Marysville Union High School in honor of the Lions and Rotary Clubs, the students rendered a most interesting program. The numbers presented represented three departments of the school: public speaking, music, and physical education. The entire student body serpentine through the gymnasium singing Rotary and Lions songs, ending with a good rousing cheer for each of the clubs and for the Marysville Union High School. The orchestra then rendered a few selections. Dorothy Armstrong gave a pleasing address on, "Are We Paying Too Much For the Whistle?", followed by a number sung by the Girls' Glee. "Growth of Secondary Education In California," by Jean McCallum, was another interesting address. The work of Miss Armstrong and of Miss McCallum was highly complimented by members of the clubs, and both addresses were printed in the "Marysville Appeal." An athletic drill was exhibited by twelve girls from the physical education classes. Clyde Burris then gave an exhibition of "Suggestive Athletic Drills For Business Men." The program ended with a lively song sung by the entire student body.



HONOR STUDENTS



Avard Stevens
Clyde Burris
Jennie McCrank
Alice Raub

Verle Marshall
Alva White
Alice Bluett

Louis Miller
Jack McQuaid
Edith Yore
Alice Woodworth

The Agriculture Club

Oliver Johnson, '24

Jean McCallum, '24

The work of the Agriculture Club this year has been featured by two most unusual exhibits. One of these, the wild-flower exhibit, is an attraction that probably will not be found in any other northern California high school. The other, the bird exhibit, while featured at other high schools, is undoubtedly the best exhibit of its class in California.

Wild Flower Exhibit

The wild flower exhibit was instituted last year, and it has been a great privilege to the students to be able to enjoy such an excellent display of local flora. This year the exhibit was exceptionally fine, many rare flowers being shown.

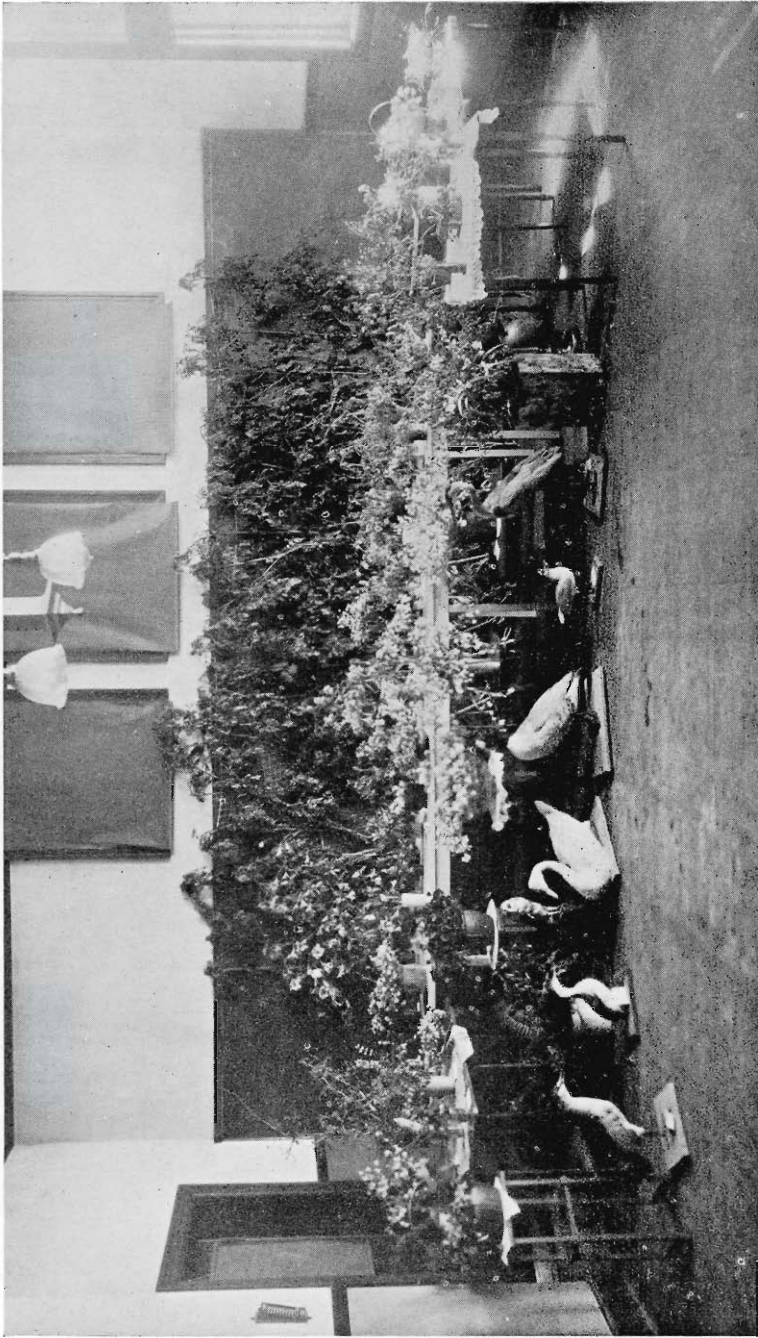
Over fifty-two varieties of wild flowers were shown, practically all of them gathered from the surrounding hills. Those from the immediate vicinity were collected by W. C. Morrison, head of the Department of Agriculture, assisted by Mrs. Morrison. Valuable contributions were also made by Principal and Mrs. L. P. Farris, who secured a large number of flowers from the vicinity of the Camptonville Branch School.

This carefully selected exhibit has enabled all of us to become more familiar with the native plants and flowers, for practically every species grown in Yuba and Sutter counties was represented.

Everyone who visited the display praised it highly and urgently requested this custom to be carried out every year.

Bird Exhibit

It would be practically impossible to praise Mr. Carl A. Mueller too highly for the great work he has done in presenting this exhibit to the school. The collection contains 121 species, all of which, with the exception of 13 varieties, were taken within a radius of ten miles of Marysville. Many species are represented, from the rare White-tailed Kite to the common Pigeon Hawk. The collection is best described by the Marysville Appeal which says, "Mr. Mueller's collection represents four years of work. Practically all the specimens were killed by Mueller, who is also an expert taxidermist! Although the bird collection has had a place in the school for the past several years, the educational possibilities have never been properly exploited until this year. Every student in the school was given an opportunity to visit the exhibit and hear Mr. Mueller's lectures. Parents of students and all residents of the community were also particularly invited."



WILD FLOWER AND BIRD EXHIBIT

The Girls' Association

Dorothy Armstrong, '23

The Girls' Association was organized about the middle of the second semester. There had been talk of such an organization for some time and when the time arrived for definite planning the girls were highly enthusiastic and came to the first meeting in almost breathless expectancy. Our friend and adviser, Miss Mayne, presented for our approval a short constitution very much to the point. This was unanimously adopted. An election was held which will always be an interesting memory to those who participated. The officers of the association appear among our cuts.

The girls immediately began work to raise funds and in early spring a candy sale was held, each class having a separate booth. The Freshman girls, in the domestic science building, did not lack for customers. The Junior table, ornamented with a profusion of wild flowers, and the Sophomores, presiding behind a table gaily dressed in class colors, were in the main building. In the gym the Senior booth was to be found daintily done in pink and white and exquisite spring blossoms. The boys supported the girls loyally and the sale was a financial success.

Through the efforts of the association the gym has been turned over to the girls for dancing every Wednesday noon. Timid Freshmen and learned Seniors, before unacquainted, danced together in perfect harmony, and a number of teachers have joined in our pleasure.

Before the close of the year we shall entertain the graduates from the Marysville Grammar School. We wish them to like us and to know we like them. We are sure they will feel less strange when they come to us next fall.

The organization will open the school term next year with systematic, definitely organized work. The Seniors who are leaving wish it a tremendous success and know that it will soon prove a vital part of the school life.

OFFICERS

Jeane Schillig.....	President
Mary Sutfin.....	Vice-President
Alice Bluett.....	Secretary
Edith Baker.....	Treasurer
Betty Schillig.....	} Committee
Ada Dunning.....	
Jean McCallum.....	Student Body Representative
Louise M. W. Mayne.....	Faculty Advisor



Manual Training Shop

As the reader well knows, a school annual is not primarily a record of achievements in the different educational departments of the school. No annual is large enough to publish a description of the various divisions of school work, but now and then we throw the spotlight of publicity on some of the departments and find many things worthy of note in them. This year the Manual Training Department is one of the divisions noticed in the school book.

The class has a present enrollment of forty-five boys, all of whom are apparently turning out exceptionally good work. One finds a surprisingly wide range in the articles made by the different students; in fact, everything from boats, checkerboards and tables, to mallets, footstools, radio cabinets, and cedar chests appear in the lists of products, and many students have made duplicates of several articles.

The department is composed of students from all classes and it is pleasing to note that the lower classmen have done exceptionally good work, promising even greater credit to the school next year.

Much credit is due to Mr. B. J. Cutler, the head of the department, for his efficiency in developing the talent of the students in this line.



Dramatics

Meryle Simmons, '23

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

In the early part of the first semester Mr. and Mrs. Pierce gave an interesting program of Shakespearean plays. They were appreciated very much by the students, especially by those who were studying Shakespeare. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pierce displayed much dramatic ability, which was noticeably apparent in the scenes from "Macbeth" and "The Taming of the Shrew." The costuming was striking and appropriate, and Mr. Pierce was very kind in enlightening us as to the secrets of "make-up."

THE JUNIOR PLAYS

The junior class succeeded in making their Carnival one of the most successful events of the year. Besides the usual stunts and side-shows, two pleasing dramas were staged.

"POPPING THE QUESTION"

"Popping the Question," the first play, in which Harold Androus appeared as Mr. Primrose, Dorothy Seawell as Ellen Murray, Jack Sanford as Henry Harvard, Madeline Taber as Miss Biffin, Jean McCallum as Miss Winterblossom, and Alva White as Bobbin, was highly enjoyed by everyone.

"THE OBSTINATE FAMILY"

"The Obsolete Family," the second play, was also highly complimented. In this play Harold Androus presented the part of Henry Harford and Betha Bowen that of Mrs. Harford (Jessy). Oliver Johnson impersonated James, the servant, Virginia Bruce appeared as Lucy, the maid, Dorothy Kreger as Mrs. Harwood, Jessy's mother, and Leonard Scheu as Mr. Harwood, Jessy's father.

The parts were played in a very pleasing manner, due to the training given by Miss Mayne.

THE SENIOR PLAY

"Niobe, All Smiles"

"Niobe, All Smiles," a very popular three-act drama, which is to be given after the Delta has gone to press, has been selected for the senior play this year. Those composing the cast are working enthusiastically on their parts and rehearsals are being held daily. The cast of characters is as follows:

Peter Amos Dunn.....	Norman Taylor—in life insurance (President of the Universal Insurance Co.)
Cornelius Griffin.....	Louis Miller (Peter's wife's brother)
Philip Innings.....	Francis Dempsey — in Corney's hands (Corney's friend)
Hamilton Tompkins.....	Hira Valentine — in the clouds (an art enthusiast, a millionaire)

Parker Sillocks.....	Avard Stevens — in retirement (a merchant)
Caroline Dunn.....	Celia Woods — indispensable (Peter's wife)
Helen Griffin.....	La Vonne Kash—in authority (Caroline's eldest sister)
Hattie Griffin.....	Marhnelle Coats — in open rebellion (Caroline's youngest sister)
Beatrice Sillocks.....	Betty Schillig — in love with Corney
Mary.....	Mildred Marders — in service (parlor maid)
Madeline Mifton.....	Marian Lydon—in the way (New Jersey governess)
Niobe.....	Dorothy Armstrong—in flesh (widow of the late Amphion, King of Thebes, a statue)

An interesting feature connected with the senior play will be the use of an elaborate stage setting, which has been recently purchased from the Edwin H. Flagg Scenic Company and which is looked upon with much pride by all of the Marysville Union High School students. The front curtains are made of a rich dark brown terry cloth with blue, green and gold treatment, and a beautiful border design. The tormentors and grand drapery, of the same material and color, and a cyclorama and two masking borders of a light blue shade treated with flame, green and gold complete the elaborate scheme.

"TWO CROOKS AND A LADY"

"Two Crooks and a Lady," a play given by the public speaking class under the direction of Miss Mayne was greatly enjoyed by the school. Those taking part were:

Miller, (The Hawk).....	Norman Taylor
Lucille, (his accomplice).....	Dorothy Seawell
Mrs. Simms-Vane.....	Marhnelle Coats
Miss Jones, (her companion).....	Virginia Bruce
Police Inspector.....	Martin Ries
Garrity, (a policeman).....	Albert Miller

THE SPANISH PLAY

"La Broma," (The joke) a Spanish play was given by the second year Spanish class. An English translation for the benefit of those not understanding Spanish, was given by John Scott, Mildred Marders, Dorothy Donnell, and Milton Myers. Those taking part in the Spanish play were: Verle Marshall, Harold Androus, Mildred Marders, and Oliver Johnson. Miss Benthien, the Spanish teacher, has been highly complimented for her work with the Spanish classes.

A Musical Revue

Meryle Simmons, '23

As I sat preparing my history lesson at the noon hour a few days ago, I overheard the conversation of a group of students. It brought out the good spirit typical of the entire Marysville Union High School in whatever department needs support. What better way, then, could I bring back to your minds the musical events and achievements, the loyalty and good spirit than by relating this conversation?

Grace Jess Woods

"Yes, our music department is surely doing splendid work, and I am glad that the school at large is taking such an interest in it. I hope that the students will continue to sponsor good music, as they did this year in bringing Grace Jess Woods here."

"So do I, Mary. Everyone was greatly pleased with her program of folk-songs. How realistic those Kentucky mountain songs and plantation melodies seemed, when Miss Jess wore that quaint silk gown once belonging to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln! I think the novelty of the Spanish dance, and the beauty of the striking flame-colored Spanish costume made the Spanish group of songs the favorite with most of the students, but don't you think the most artistic number was that Russian song, 'Child, May Dear God Have Pity'?"

College of Pacific Quartet

"I liked the College of Pacific Quartet, too. Their voices blended so well and their numbers were so pleasing that it is no wonder they received much applause. Many say their favorites were the comical numbers, but I think the others were the best. At any rate, I hope the quartet comes again."

Orchestra

"Well, yes, I hope they come again, but we don't have to bring many musicians to our school, for we have quite competent instrumental and vocal performers right here. The orchestra has done splendid work this year under the direction of Miss McKenzie. They have appeared before the assembly a great many times, and have played for some school dances. They also played between acts for the Junior Plays."

Boys' Glee

"We are proud of the Boys' Glee, also. They, too, have appeared before the assembly a number of times, and have sometimes sung with the Girls' Glee in the mixed chorus."

Girls' Glee

"The Girls' Glee have worked hard and patiently for a number of programs. They appeared first in the mixed chorus at the dedication of the gymnasium. Since then they have sung in assembly many times. At the Christmas program given by the Marysville, Dobbins, and Smartsville High Schools, the chorus presented many Christmas carols."

ORCHESTRA



Elmer Shen Hugo Del Pero Barr Shauer Eugene Smith Harold Groh
 Clyde Barris Aletha Canning Miss Barbara McKenzie Frederick Cooper
 Edgar Dickinson Alice Woodworth Henry Zwanck Howard Gates Howard DeArmond Dudley Cunningham

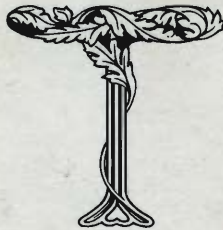
Girls' Sextette

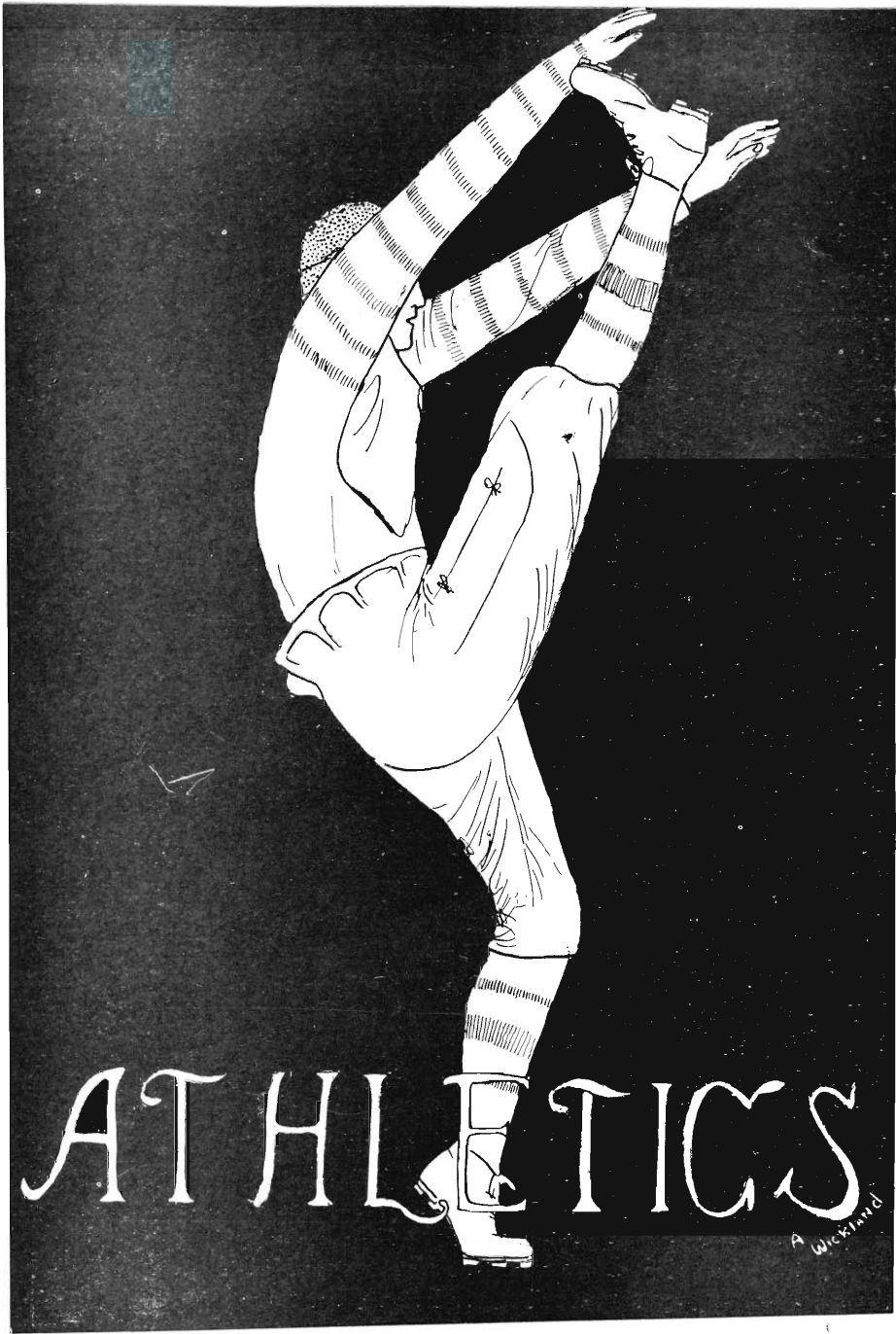
"The Girls' Sextette, composed of Verle Marshall, Isabel Walker, Virginia Bruce, Mavis McCampbell, Dorothy Seawell, and Edith Baker, presented pleasing numbers at the Art Club once during the term and a few times at the Rotary Club."

Sacramento Valley Music Festival

The first "Annual Northern Sacramento Valley Music Festival," which was held at Princeton, May 4, proved to be a great success. Our Orchestra, Girls' Glee, and the Boys' Band entered the contest. The contesting numbers were held out on an open-air platform, and lasted the entire day. At noon a luncheon was served and at 6:00 p. m. a banquet, for the faculty members and student musicians. In the early evening an entertainment was given by the Chico Normal School of Music, followed by a reception and dance.

The orchestra took second place in the contest, the Girls' Glee fifth, and the Boys' Band fifth.





ATHLETICS

A Wickford

Boys' Athletics

Francis Dempsey, '23

FOOTBALL

"A" Team

Football, the first sport of the year, was filled with unexpected hard luck for the Marysville team, and the number of games lost and won shows defeat from teams which were really very much inferior to the Marysville eleven.

The season opened favorably, with a large part of last year's team out for practice. The first practice game passed uneventfully with an easy victory for the locals, but on the second practice game (Modesto vs. M. U. H. S.) the blow fell, for despite the fact that Marysville won the game her team was so badly crippled as to prove an easy mark for her old rivals, Chico and Willows. With Captain "Bill" Milligan badly crippled (but still fighting gallantly) on end, and Willett and Jones gone from their guard and tackle position, the line was a hopeless wreck. Despite these handicaps the team fought furiously and the results can be pointed to with pride, because of the comparatively low scores to which the enemies were held.

The Orland game is one of which no Marysville player likes to talk or think, as this is the one game in which Marysville was decisively beaten by an apparently inferior team.

The last game of the year seemed to be the best for Marysville, for Red Bluff, which had previously badly beaten the Orland team, hadn't a chance and Marysville scored almost at will by means of long passes and open field running through the heavy Red Bluff line.

After the close of the season a banquet was given by Mr. Bissett, the coach, to all the football players.

At the banquet Houston Willett (24) was selected as captain for next season.

"B" Team

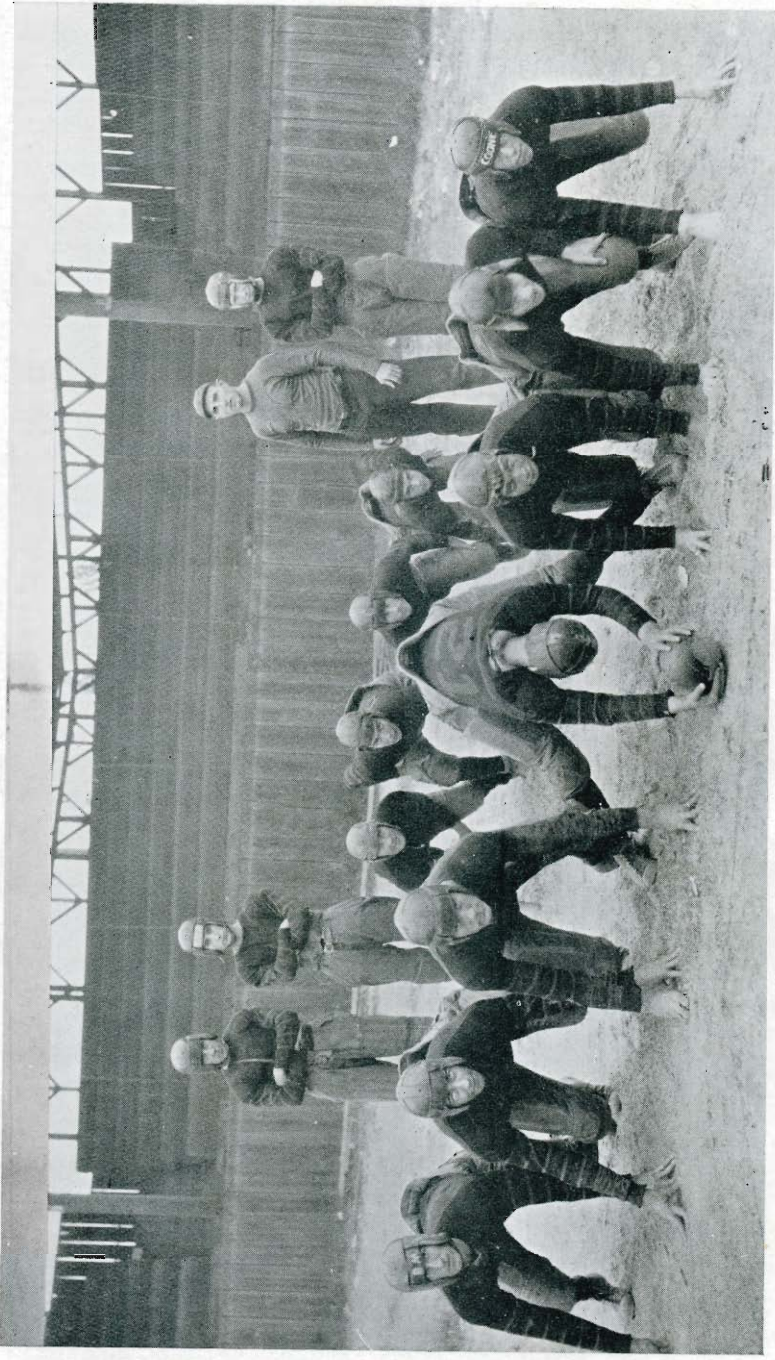
This year's B league team has been very unsuccessful, as far as the number of games won and lost is concerned, but the real purpose of the team is not to take the league championship but to develop material for the next year's "A" team. In this sense the "B" team has been very successful and many underclass men have shown real promise as coming stars.

Several games were played during the season, but as men were constantly being drafted from the team to fill the gap in the "A" team, made by injuries to the players, the team was not successful in winning any of their games.

One very great handicap which the "B" team has to overcome is the fact that they are forced to play the "A" or first team of other schools in order to get games. It is hoped that in the future this handicap will be eliminated and only teams near their own weight and experience will be played.

The "B" team players were Edinger Berg, Oren Bass, Lynn Smith, Avard Stevens, Ralph Bryant, Elwyn Ford, Glen Wallace, Raymond Taylor, (Captain) "Bud" Booth, Jeff Iliff, "Ferd" Tihista, Barr Shaver, and Eldon Ramsey.

"A" TEAM



Ries	Parkison	Franklin	Hamm	Swift	Coach Bissett	Boyer
Milligan	Miller	Taylor	Baun	Heath	Thomas	Willetts
						Cottwals

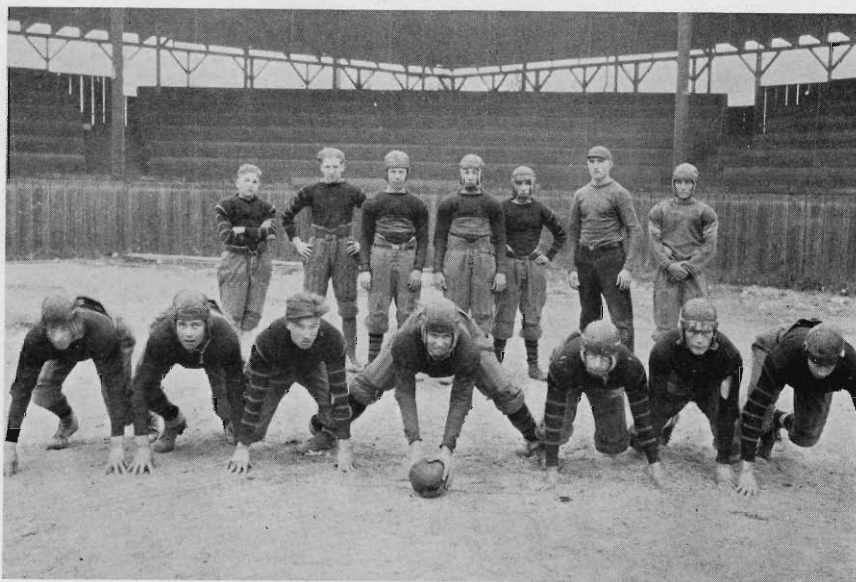
List of Football Players

(A Team)

Name		Position	Year
1. "Fat" Baun.....	(23)	Center	2
2. Norman Taylor.....	(23)	Guard.....	2
3. "Chico" Heath.....	(26)	Guard.....	2
4. Al Miller.....	(23)	Tackle	2
5. Houston Willett.....	(24)	Tackle (captain 23-24).....	3
6. Coonie Gottwals.....	(24)	End.....	3
7. Bill Milligan.....	(23)	End (captain 22-23).....	3
8. Martin Ries.....	(23)	Guard.....	2
9. "Speck" Boyer.....	(24)	End.....	2
10. "Big" Ahart.....	(24)	Full Back	2
11. "Virge" Swift.....	(24)	Full Back	2
12. "District" Hamm.....	(24)	Quarter	2
13. Logan Franklin.....	(23)	Half Back.....	1
14. David Jones.....	(23)	Guard.....	2
15. Jack Dempsey.....	(23)	Tackle	2

Football Scores

1. Christian Brothers' College	9	— M. U. H. S.	19
2. Modesto High School.....	6	— M. U. H. S.	12
3. Chico High School.....	24	— M. U. H. S.	0
4. Willows High School.....	34	— M. U. H. S.	7
5. Orland High School.....	24	— M. U. H. S.	0
6. Red Bluff High School.....	13	— M. U. H. S.	59



De Armond Ramsay Carpenter Iliff Booth Coach Bissett Bass
 Bryant Shaver Smith Berg Ford Tibista Stevens

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

At the annual meeting of the N. C. H. S. A. L. a proposition was put forth by various representatives from different schools to extend the athletic supervision of the league to cover a new sport, namely, cross country running.

The proposition met with universal favor and after an enthusiastic meeting the plans for the year were made. Several schools, including Marysville, made a bid for the league run, but after some discussion it was agreed to have the league race at Chico in conjunction with the Northern California High Y. meeting.

Shortly after the completion of the plans for the race, the Marysville distance runners started hard training for the year's conquest. In order to get in top condition several trail races were arranged, in which the members of the team showed themselves to be a very fast set of runners.

Especially important among these races were the two trail races with Auburn and the trail cross city race with Sacramento. As the Marysville team was weakened by the absence of several men, Auburn came out victor in both races. At Sacramento, however, Raymond Taylor, Marysville's crack distance man, finished as the first high school runner.

When the day of the N. C. H. S. A. L. race came, the Marysville runners were grimly determined to take the race or give all they had in the effort. Owing to the delay of the special train, the runners did not arrive at Chico until the race was just about to start. They hurriedly dressed and were rushed to the starting line, just as the race was getting ready to begin. The Marysville boys ran to the line and the race started. The run was long and grueling and along a cement highway, but the superior training of the Marysville athletes soon showed and Raymond Taylor, "Jim" Barrie, and Jesse Sutton, all of Marysville, finished first, second, and third in the order named. Armond Legare finished seventh and Garland Bachman tenth, out of a field of about fifty runners. The final score of the race gave Marysville the championship of the N. C. H. S. A. L. by a large margin, with Chico taking a very poor second.

The final race of the year was the big cross city race at Chico, on New Year's Day. The race was over a stiff course of two and three-fourths miles with competition open to all who desired to run. Out of a field of about seventy-five runners, many of whom were old experienced track men, Raymond Taylor finished first and Jesse Sutton third in the remarkable time of 13:47.

TRACK

The 1923 track season is not yet completed, but already the Marysville team has covered itself with glory by the winning of the championship of Northern California and the wonderful cup that goes with it.

This year's team is undoubtedly the best that has ever been turned out by the M. U. H. S., for despite its evident weakness in some events its strength in others more than makes up the difference.

The season's first meet was the usual interclass meet, in which the Seniors had little difficulty in annexing first place by a comfortable margin.

Several trial meets were held during the year in which Marysville showed her great strength in the sprints and field events.

The first league meet was held at Biggs on April 14, for the purpose of eliminating all but the best four in each event. Twelve Marysville athletes qualified in this meet and were eligible to compete in the N. C. H. S. A. L. at Yuba City on April 28.

Marysville was determined to take first in this meet and all the team trained faithfully in an effort to do so. The meet was close and fiercely contested; but despite the utmost efforts of Sutter Union and the other school's Marysville steadily forged ahead and won the meet by a margin of ten points.

Several Marysville men starred in this meet: namely, Gottwals, who won the 100- yard dash; Booth, who won the limited 100; and took third in the limited broad jump; Adams, who won the limited high jump and took third in the limited 100-yard dash; Captain Miller, who cleared the bar at 5 feet 7 inches for a first place in the unlimited high jump; Warren Ahart, who broke the discus record and took third in the javelin; "Lanky" Taylor, who took third in the 880 and fourth in high jump; and Schab, who took first in the limited broad jump.

The relay was the last event on the day's program, with all indications pointing toward a victory for Sutter Union, but the relay team of Bachman, Miller, Matthews, and Gottwals, literally swept the field and cinched the championship.

Track Men For 1923 Season

(Unlimited)

Name	Events
1. (Captain) "Al" Miller.....	Relay, High Jump, Broad Jump, Low Hurdles.
2. Coonie Gottwals	100 and 220-yard Dash, Relay.
3. Thomas Mathews.....	100, 220, Relay.
4. Garland Bachman.....	100, 220, Broad Jump, Relay.
5. Warren Ahart	Javelin, Discus, High Hurdles.
6. "Speck" Boyer.....	High Hurdles, Low Hurdles, High Jump.
7. Jesse Sutton.....	High Jump, Broad Jump, 880.
8. "Lanky" Taylor.....	High Jump, Broad Jump, 880.
9. "District" Hamm.....	440, Discus, Shot.
10. Wesley Peters	Mile and 440.
11. Virgil Swift.....	Javelin, Pole Vault.
12. "Jack" Dempsey	Javelin, Pole Vault, 880.

(Limited)

"Bud" Booth.....	100, High Jump, Broad Jump.
"Doc" Adams.....	100, High Jump, Broad Jump.
"Bill" Schab.....	100 Low Hurdles, Broad Jump.
Oren Bass.....	Low Hurdles, High Jump.

TRACK TEAM—CHAMPIONS N. C. H. S. A. L.



Francis Dempsey	Leland Hamm	Warren Ahart	Virgil Swift	Norman Boyer
Albert Miller	Garland Bachman	Raymond Taylor	Clifford Gottwals	Coach Bissett
Oren Bass	Melvin Adams	Gerald Booth	William Schab	Wesley Peters
				Jesse Sutton

BASKET BALL

Basket ball this year was very successful, both in the numbers of games won and in the development of first-class material for future years.

As usual, the season began with a series of class games in which the Juniors finished first, after a hotly contested fight with the Freshmen.

Shortly after the finish of the class games we began our season with an overwhelming defeat at the hands of our old friend and rival, Placer Union.

This defeat was just the necessary stimulus needed to inspire the fighting spirit of the Marysville team, and when the season opened they swept everything before them, until hard luck seemed to strike the unlimited team all at once, and they were defeated by their old rival, Sutter, in one of the closest and hardest fought games of the year.

The class "B" and "C" teams won the sub-league championships, when they defeated Colusa in two of the fastest and best games of the season.

The class "B" team, however, was defeated in the game for the championship of sub-leagues one and two, by the experienced and fast team of Biggs. The game was played at Biggs on a small court which greatly handicapped the Marysville players, and it was not until the latter part of the game that they were able to get going in good style. However, by this time the Biggs team had too great a lead and despite the fighting spirit of the Marysville team the Biggs boys had the best of the game and the N. C. H. S. A. L. championship.

It remained, then, with the small class "C" team to uphold the reputation of the school and this they did nobly, for in the next game for the championship of Northern California they smothered the fast Gridley team in a one-sided battle, in which, although the score was small, Gridley didn't have a chance. In this game Paul Slightam, who had been a "sub" all year, obtained his first chance, and showed himself a player of real merit.

As no team could be found which was willing to risk its honors with the Marysville champions, Marysville was forced to remain inactive for some weeks while waiting for the honors to be settled in the league to the South. After Woodland had won the championship of the rest of the state, arrangements were made with Marysville for a game to decide the championship of the state.

As Woodland refused to come to Marysville we were forced to go south and play upon their court. The game was the most disastrous of the year, for despite the bitter fight put up by the Marysville team the fast Woodland team had a virtual picnic and lead during the entire game. The Marysville boys were handicapped by the long rest before the game and by playing on an unfamiliar court. Despite all this, Woodland really had a better team and fairly won the state championship.

1. Auburn.....(A)	29	—	M. U. H. S.	4
2. College City.....(A)	17	—	M. U. H. S.	18
3. College City.....(C)	5	—	M. U. H. S.	15
4. Williams.....(A)	12	—	M. U. H. S.	16
5. Williams.....(B)	14	—	M. U. H. S.	23

UNLIMITED BASKET BALL TEAM



Ted Baun	Coach Bissett	Francis Dempsey
Gordon Heath	Ralph Bryant	Martin Ries
William Milligan	Leland Hamm	Logan Franklin
	Norman Taylor	Warren Ahart
		Clifford Gottwals

6. Princeton.....	(A)	8	—	M. U. H. S.	26
7. Princeton.....	(C)	5	—	M. U. H. S.	13
8. Sutter	(A)	35	—	M. U. H. S.	23
9. Sutter	(B)	17	—	M. U. H. S.	20
10. Colusa.....	(A)	19	—	M. U. H. S.	20
11. Colusa.....	(B)	13	—	M. U. H. S.	17
12. Colusa.....	(C)	8	—	M. U. H. S.	14
13. Gridley	(C)	6	—	M. U. H. S.	9
14. Biggs.....	(B)	18	—	M. U. H. S.	13
15. Woodland	(C)	25	—	M. U. H. S.	7

(A) Unlimited; (B) Limited Class; (C) Limited Class.

Unlimited Team: Logan Franklin (captain), "Coonie" Gottwals, William Milligan, Norman Taylor, Leland Hamm, Martin Ries, Warren Ahart, Ralph Bryant, "Chico" Heath, Ted Baun, Norman Boyer, Jack Dempsey.

Limited Class (B): The "B" class players were Charles Thomas (captain), Melvin Adams, Edinger Berg, Everett Harlan, Garland Bachman, Elmer Scheu, Chester Hammond.

Limited Class (C): The "C" class players were Gerald Booth (captain), "Chester" Bowen, Byron Conrath, Paul Slightam, Howard DeArmond, Robert Baker, Henry Zwanck, Oren Bass, Stanley Lambrecht.

BASEBALL

The baseball season opened with eight of the last year's championship team out for practice. The only vacant place was that of catcher, which was soon capably filled by Logan Franklin.

Due to the kindness of Yuba City Union High School several practice games were played and the local team rounded out into top form for the first game of the season.

Colusa, 1; M. U. H. S., 20

The first game was with Colusa, but was rather one-sided and uninteresting, the Marysville boys having it their own way all through the game. (League game.)

Chico Normal, 7; M. U. H. S., 6

The second game was with Chico Normal on Chico's diamond. The Marysville team played good ball and Brown (26), the substitute pitcher, pitched a wonderful ball, but the experienced and older Normal fellows staged a thrilling rally in the ninth inning and won the game.

Sutter, 7; M. U. H. S., 12

The second league game of the season was with our old rival, Sutter City. Sutter had beaten all the other teams of the league, so the game was really a championship one for the sub-league number one. Gottwals, Marysville's great pitcher, was equal to the task and easily pitched a winning game. The game was notable for the fine support given the Marysville pitcher. The work of Captain Schmidt on second base was also especially laudable.

College City, 2; M. U. H. S., 9

The next league game was really more of a formality than a contest and Brown had little difficulty in holding the College City "batters" at his mercy, while the "Marysville" players piled up a large lead.

Chico, 1; M. U. H. S., 2

The next league game of the season was between Marysville and Chico for the championship of sub-leagues one and two. Chico was confident of an easy victory, but Marysville proved to be stronger than anticipated and after nine innings of a fiercely contested game, won by the close score of two to one.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAMPIONSHIP

Red Bluff, 4; M. U. H. S., 14

The game for the championship of Northern California was played with Red Bluff, champions of sub-leagues three and four.

The contest was an easy one for Marysville, and when the game was stopped by rain in the sixth inning Marysville had won the N. C. H. S. A. I. championship by the score of 14 to 4.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL SECTIONS

On June 9th, the team will go south to play against the championship team of the Central C. I. F. League for the championship of the Northern and Central sections of the C. I. F.

The Marysville team is quite confident of an easy victory, as they have already beaten, in a practice game, the Gustine High School team by the score of 13 to 5. As the Gustine team is considered to be one of the best in the Central section, everything points to an easy victory for M. U. H. S.

Baseball Players

Name	Position	Year
1. "Andy" Schmidt (captain).....	Second Base.....	3
2. "Bill" Milligan.....	Left Field.....	4
3. "Chico" Heath.....	Center Field.....	2
4. Elden Ramsey.....	Right Field.....	2
5. Coonie Gottwals.....	Pitcher.....	3
6. Logan Franklin.....	Catcher.....	1
7. Garland Bachman.....	Third Base.....	2
8. L. Knaggs.....	First Base.....	2
9. Everett Harlan.....	Short Stop.....	3
Subs.:		
Brown.....	Pitcher.....	1
Hamm.....	Catcher.....	2
Hatton.....	Short Stop.....	1
Sutfin.....	Second Base.....	1
Blue.....	Fielder.....	1
Sperbeck.....	Fielder.....	1

BASEBALL TEAM



William Milligan	Edgar Brown	Logan Franklin	Clifford Gottwals	Willfred Blue
Garland Bachman	Gordon Heath	Coach Bissett	Eldon Ramsay	Layton Knaeggs
Ralph Hatton	Everett Harlan	Andre Schmidt	Charles Stutfin	



A Wickland

Jeane Schillig, '24

The girls have taken considerable interest in their physical education this year. Since we have had the new gymnasium and the additional dressing rooms and showers, more than usual effort has been shown in this line of work. Much credit should be given to our instructor, Miss Moore, for her splendid training of the classes.

BASKET BALL

Miss Katisue Moore.....Coach
 Edith Baker.....Captain

There were only three games played this season by the Girls' basket ball team and we were defeated at each one. We were handicapped in the last game played by the absence of two of the star players.

Owing to the delay in the work on the gymnasium, we were unable to begin our practice until a late date.

The line-up was: Bessie Perkins, center; Bernice Heilman, side-center; Edith Baker and Vivian Barrie, forwards; Mary Sutfin and Alva White, guards. The "subs" were: Jean McCallum, Helen Sanford, Eunice Lambert and Verna Tihista.



Verna Tihista	Helen Sanford	Jean McCallum	Miss Moore, Coach	Alva White
	Bernice Heilman	Mary Sutfin	Alice Bluett	Eunice Lambert
		Edith Baker	Vivian Barrie	Bessie Perkins

LEAGUE GAMES

College City.....	11	Marysville	8
Williams.....	43	Marysville	17
Princeton	16	Marysville	12

INTERCLASS GAMES

BASKET BALL

The interclass basket ball games resulted in much rivalry among the various classes. The championship game, which was played between the Freshmen and Juniors, was very exciting. Although the Freshman played a very good game, the Juniors carried away the "honors."

BASEBALL

Everybody turned out for the interclass baseball games. We are very proud of our Freshman team, for they won the championship from the "upper-classmen."

Exchange Department

Eugene Smith, '23

The purpose of this department is to bring the schools into a closer relationship by the exchange of criticism on their annuals.

The department has suffered this year from lack of response. At the close of school last year exchanges were sent out to many of our neighboring schools, but so far very few have been brought to our attention. However, we have obtained a few very good additions to our list of exchanges. Through the courtesy of the head of the English department of our school, Miss Louise M. W. Mayne, and J. J. Lyons, the editor, we have been able to obtain the "California Pelican," one of the papers representing our State University. We have also received the "Daily Californian," from the University of California and "The Pacific Weekly" from the College of the Pacific. Among our list of exchanges are several high school papers including "The Sutter Union," "The Rice Huskers" and "The Silverton Informant."

We have been benefited by the views of other schools, and we hope that the following criticisms will be beneficial in the preparation of future annuals:

1. Alert—Turlock Union High School.

You have a very good Literary Department; however, a table of contents would be an improvement.

2. Alpha—Oroville Union High School.

We think it is truly wonderful that you can print your annual within your school.

3. Ulatis—Vacaville Union High School.

Why put the Senior Horoscope on the last page of your annual next to the advertisements? A few more cuts would greatly improve the appearance of your annual.

4. Review—Sacramento High School.
Where are your Exchange and Alumni Departments? More artistic work, together with snappier cuts and jokes, would enliven your annual.
5. Glenusa—Princeton Joint Union High School.
You have a very good annual; in fact, artistic ability is displayed throughout the entire book.
6. The Chanticleer—Dixon Union High School.
Your annual is nearly complete, but it lacks a Literary Department, which is very essential to a thoroughly successful annual.
7. La Puita—Courtland Union High School.
You have a very fine annual, considering the size of your school, and your Literary Department reveals talent and effort on the part of the students, but why not use the Exchange Department for criticism?
8. El Gabilan—Salinas Union High School.
Your cover design is very attractive and your snaps are good. We like the way in which the whole book is arranged.
9. The Aurora—Prince Rupert, King Edward High School, Prince Rupert, British Columbia.
You have a very fine magazine, but we think it doesn't show taste to place a cigarette advertisement on the rear cover page of a magazine representing an educational institution.

We are hardly in the position to offer corrective criticism for "The Pelican" or "Daily Californian," but we can say that we very much admire both of these publications.

Smartsville Branch School



The Smartsville Branch High School was established in September, 1922, and is now completing its first school year. Its aim for this first year has been to provide for the needs of the Freshmen of the community; consequently this first term has been devoted, as it were, to laying the foundation, upon which future school years may build the superstructure. Most of our pupils expect to finish the four-year high school course, as the minimum of their formal education. More than half plan to continue beyond the high school course, while several are planning definitely for college. In athletics, our boys have made a fair beginning, and especially in baseball. They have a nucleus for a strong baseball team. Our girls, being outnumbered by the boys three to one, have not attempted girls' athletics, but are learning to wield a baseball bat with the best. In dramatics, several of us made our initial bow during the Christmas exercises of the Marysville High School, and more of us expect to do the same in Smartsville before the term closes.

—Pearl Graham, Teacher.

Dobbins Branch School



On September 11, 1922, The Dobbins Branch of the Marysville Union High School was commenced with fourteen pupils under the instruction of Mr. E. C. Miller, a member of the high school faculty.

In the Sophomore Class are Jennie McCrank, Bernice Merriam, Madge Harding. In the Freshman Class are Edythe Yore, Agnes Labadie, Lorita Barnes, Herbert Yore, Loren Yore, Cecil Owens, Alfred Morrison, James McKenamin, Kenneth Torrey, Keith Torrey, Jack Rose.

The subjects studied are English, spelling, history, bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, Spanish and algebra. Jennie McCrank and Edythe Yore have earned the highest marks,—all ones throughout the year. Jennie has been neither absent nor tardy all year.

Bernice Merriam and Keith Torrey were elected President and Secretary, respectively, of the Literary Society. Several programs have been rendered during the year.

The enthusiastic games with the volley ball have furnished to the pupils much sport and exercise and the games have afforded to the townspeople excellent entertainment. The girls seem to hold their own on the playground, as well as in the class room.

—Mr. E. C. Miller, Teacher.

Camptonville Branch School



Our school opened March 19, 1923, with five pupils in attendance, two boys and three girls. A week later another girl entered, making a total of six.

Our school room was donated by the Masonic Lodge. It is their banquet room. We are also allowed the use of their dance hall for a gymnasium. Our blackboards, desks, clock, and other facilities, were brought from the district schools about here.

We have gymnasium every day for forty-five minutes and on rainy days we have folk dances, music, and games in the dance hall. Other days, as we have a very small yard, we play a few games.

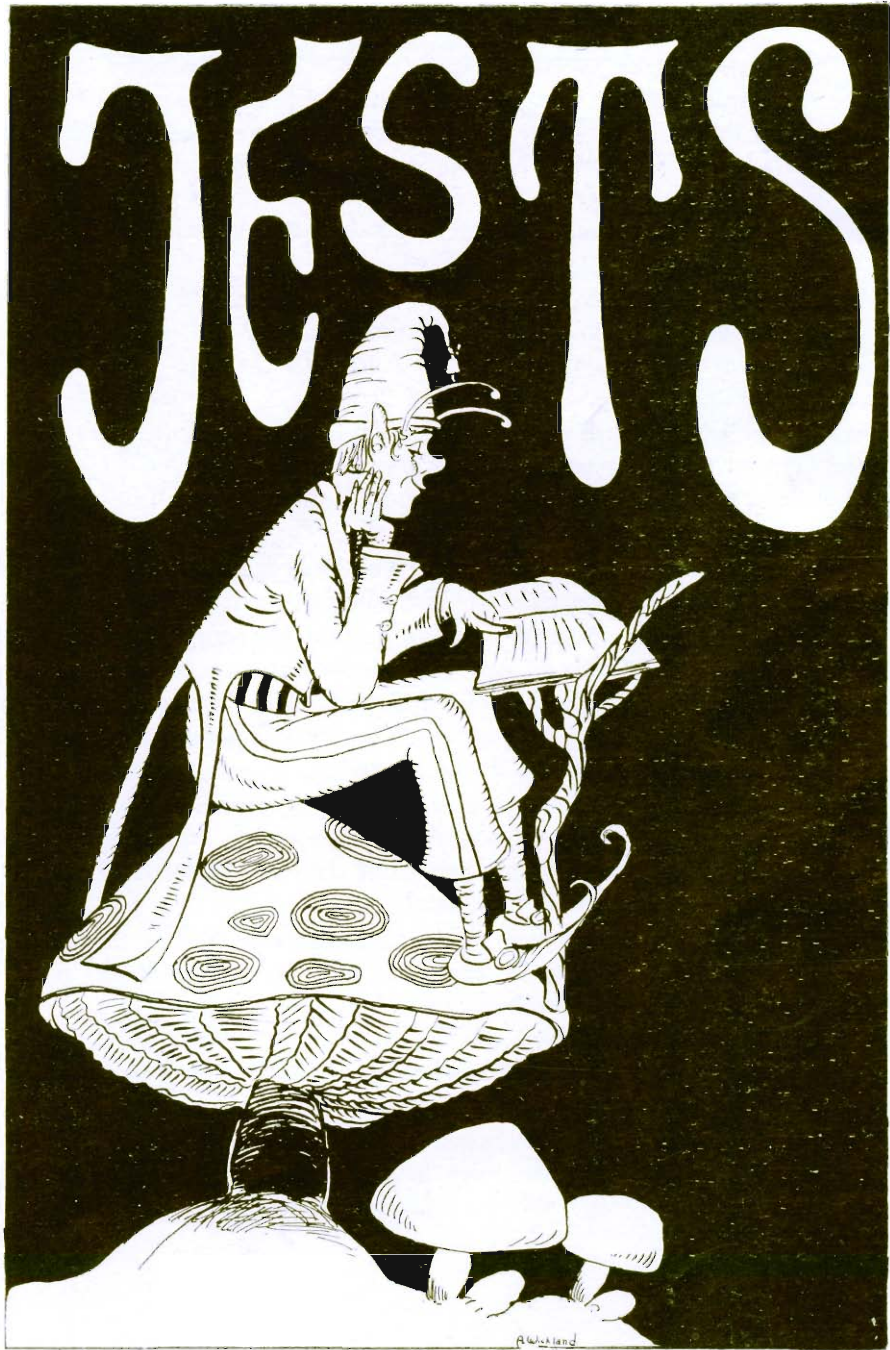
Our studies are algebra, arithmetic, bookkeeping, English, history, and writing—and in these subjects we hope to rank with the main high school at Marysville.

The pupils of the Camptonville Branch are very grateful to the people of this district for the establishment of a Branch High School.

Under the direction of Miss Sharp, the teacher, our school is progressing rapidly. The pupils, Mary and Nellie Humphrey, Lola and Ruby Huckins, Alvin Kennedy, and Arthur Gilmore, all hope to see a larger high school in Camptonville.

—Lola Huckins and Mary Humphrey, '26.

JESTS



Jests

Alice Woodworth, '25

THE MILLER'S TALE

Once there was a Miller who thought he would hunt Koons, not knowing that they held their liberty dearer than a Scott does his Kash. So he Marshallled all his forces, and loaded his food and Cutler-y into his Ford. But he had reckoned without the game Worden, who, as this was not the hunting season, kept guard and would Russell anybody out who tried to Raub the Woods.

When he saw the Miller, he lifted his hunting-horn and Bluett fiercely. "Hay there!" shouted the Worden, "can't you Seawell? There's a sign over there in Brown letters that warns you!" And with that the chase began in Earnest.

The Miller in his Ford and the Worden in his Franklin were evenly matched (?), but the latter got in a deep Myer, and was delayed. He pushed the car out and went on, still on the Mayne road. The Worden followed, but his car was not as Swift as the other.

They passed a Carpenter and a Porter, who looked greatly frightened and turned White. The race continued to Groh Moore thrilling.

Tearing past a Rowe of Palms, the Ford suddenly stopped. "I'm Dunn for!" groaned the Miller, "Out of gas!" He looked about him, and saw coming toward him a Baker, a Cooper, and a Taylor. He dived into the Woods and soon came to two Gates, half-open. "Oh, well," he said, resignedly, "I may as well become a Walker!" So he started.

Within a few days he came to a seaside hotel, where he got a job as Fisher. He attained the Hite of his ambition one day when he caught a black Bass. He wanted to Hord his prize, but the cook seemed able to Reed his mind, and he had to surrender his catch.

He grew very economical, even saving his cigarette Stubbs, in the hope of being promoted, but, alas for his dreams! One day a Hamm was missing from the larder, and suspicion fell on him. Again he was on his way. "This strain is terrible!" he remarked more than once.

But he was getting homesick and thought, "Possibly I May be able to get back home." So he started back.

His Coats were torn and dirty when he finally reached his door, and his wife welcomed him coldly. "Aw, have Ahart!" he pleaded, and took her in his Armstrong as they were. And ever afterward she recognized his Sterling qualities.

Good Source

Prof.: "Look here! what authority were you quoting? Almost every sentence in your paper was enclosed in quotation marks."

Student: "Between you an' me, Professor, I was quoting the fellow next to me!"

* * *

Not True, We Hope!

Virgil: "Why did you have your hair marcelled last Friday?"

Grace: "So I would look nice over the week-end."

* * *

A Spitty Tale—

Jeane Schillig: "Do you know how to conjugate 'spit'?"

Warren Ahart: "Spit, spat, spot."

* * *

Bright!

Garland: "What is a waffle?"

Tommy: "A waffle is a pancake with cleats."

* * *

Exactly!

An old man walking along the road passed Mr. Langford, who was in his flivver.

"Want a ride?" asked Mr. Langford.

"No, thanks, I'm in a hurry," answered the other.

* * *

Complicated

Howard DeArmond: "Jack, who came out of the ark first?"

J Sanford: "Noah."

H. DeArmond: "You're wrong. The Bible says, 'And Noah came forth!'"

* * *

Strange!

D. Kreger (in Physics): "The hot heat goes up and the cold heat comes down."

Sit Still! You're Rocking the Boat!

Bill (as canoe rocks): "Don't be afraid—we're only ten feet from land."

Verna (looking around): "Where is it?"

* * *

Naturally!

Skinny: "I went to the basketball game in the new gym and bet."

B. Meek: "How did you come out?"

Skinny: "Through the door."

* * *

Gee!

Mr. Hust: "Melvin, do you know how they first discovered iron?"

Melvin: "Sure, they smelt it"

* * *

We Believe It!

Coach: "Where did you say you played?"

Ted: "Oh, I was half-back in my studies, and drawback on the team."

* * *

Es Possible?

There are meters of accent

And meters of tone,

But the best of all meters

Is to meet her alone.

* * *

Watch Your Step, Eldon

Leland to Eldon: "Just because I walk on my feet is no sign you have to!"

* * *

Well, Well!

Billy Belcher: "Do you know what a ground hog looks like?"

Barbara: "No, do you?"

Billie: "Ycs, a sausage!"

* * *

Smoky Story!

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," said the Arab lost on the desert.

Why, Yes

Melva (admiring a set of mink skins from her father): "I can hardly believe that these beautiful furs came from such a small, sneaking beast!"

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist upon respect."

* * *

A Rare One!

Mr. Hust: "I've been getting rare work from you folks lately."

Sadie Meyer: "Rare?"

Mr. Hust: "Yes. Not well done!"

* * *

A Colorful Tragedy

"Chico": "Have you read 'Freckles'?"

"Spec": "No, mine are brown."

* * *

Trust Louis When There's Eats—!

Louis Miller dropped his zebra sweater in a sewer and while he was fishing around for it Leland Hamm came along.

Leland: "What are you hunting for?"

Louis: "My sweater."

Leland: "But surely you wouldn't wear it if you found it!"

Louis: "No, but my lunch was in the pocket."

* * *

Really?

O. Berry: "What's lesson thirteen?"

Miss Woods: "It's the one that comes between twelve and fourteen."

* * *

A Clean Story

Melvin: "Virginia has a clean mind, hasn't she?"

Bud Booth: "Well, she ought to; she changes it enough!"

A Close Call!

Mr. Langford: "Eugene, what is AS²O⁴?"

E. Smith: "I-I-I have it right on the tip of my tongue—."

Mr. Langford: "Spit it out then—it's arsenic!"

* * *

Like Postum—

The night was dark—as nights should be,

The park was full—as parks should be;

The bench was empty—as benches ain't,

But there was a reason—the sign, "fresh paint!"

* * *

Terra Buena!

Adams (to Cook Booth): "Say, this coffee is awful. It tastes like mud.

Bud: "Certainly; it was ground only this morning."

* * *

Looks Bad!

Charlie: "Hey, Dutch, where were you last night?"

Dutch: "Oh, Boy! Heaven!"

Charlie: "That's a funny place to leave your overcoat!"

* * *

Yeh

Mr. Hust: "What other plants are there besides Epiphytes and Thalliphytes?"

R. Boyd: "Prize fights."

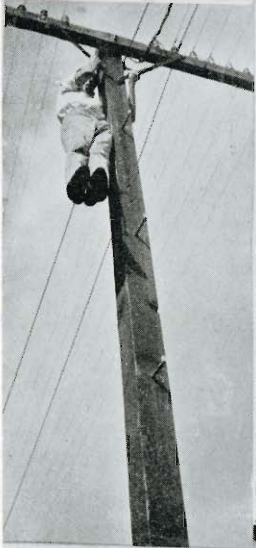
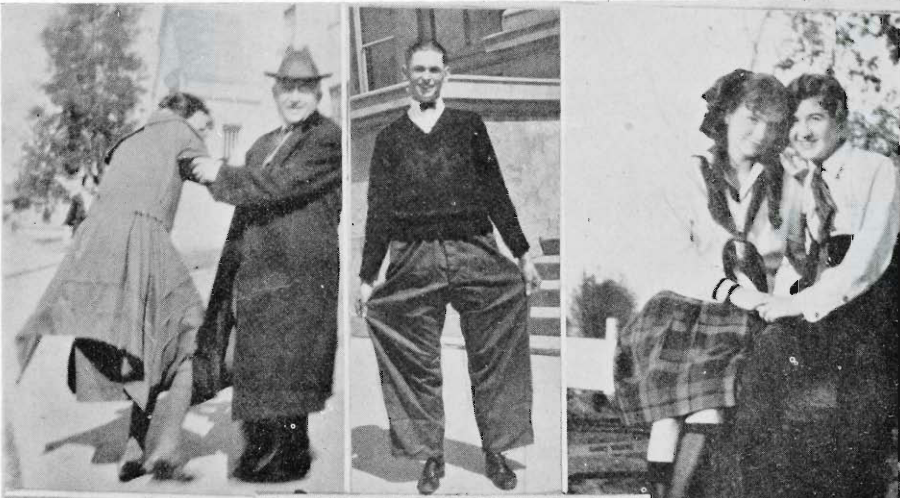
* * *

Be Careful—

Garland: "Jack would lose his head if it weren't fastened tight to his shoulders."

Vivian: "Yes, I heard he was going to Colorado for his lungs."

YUBA DELTA



Let's Learn To!

A young man of literary tastes was calling on a young lady.

"Do you like Kipling?" he asked suddenly.

"Er—yes; why-er, just how do you kiple?"

* * *

This Suspense—

Some girls will—some girls won't,
Some girls do, and some girls don't,
Others might, and possibly would;
Several may, and no doubt should—

Wear longer dresses!

* * *

No Such Luck!

Mr. Farris: "Do you take Farm Mechanics every day?"

Student: "No, sir."

Mr. Farris: "What days do you take it?"

Student: "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday."

* * *

Reversible!

Alice Raub: "For goodness sake, how many more handkerchiefs have you?"

Rosalind: "Oh, this is just the other side of the same one."

* * *

Hard Luck!

Warren: "She gave me a wooden look."

Eldon: "Beamed, eh?"

Warren: "Naw, bored."

* * *

How Perfectly Ducky!

Minister: "My son, women are awful geese."

Son: "Is that what you meant last night when you said you'd been on a wild goose chase?"

* * *

Sad—

Miss Wheeler (counting list of

assassinated presidents): "McKinley was shot in the head, Lincoln in the back, and Garfield in the railroad station."

* * *

How Touching!

They sat on the porch at mid-night,

Their lips were tight'y pressed;

Her father gave the signal—!

The bulldog did the rest.

* * *

A Heavy Trial

Mr. Benham: "This pancake of yours defies the law of gravity."

Mary Lytle Benham: "How's that?"

Mr. Benham: "Why, it's heavy as lead, but it won't go down."

* * *

"Them Days Is Gone Forever!"

Miss Benthein: "The people of Marysville aren't what they used to be."

Hugo: "No, they used to be children."

* * *

Well—At Face Value!

He (as the train started through a tunnel): "This tunnel cost \$10,000."

She (as they came out): "But don't you think it was worth it?"

* * *

A Problem

Miss Stubbs: "Can you give me Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Dorothy Horde: "No."

Miss Stubbs: "Why can't you?"

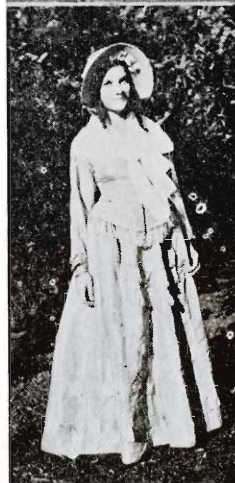
Dorothy: "He hasn't written to me lately!"

* * *

Nothing Serious

Tommy: "I'm going to ask you a funny question—."

Alice: "You're not going to propose, are you?"



Goo-Goo!

He: "Just one little kiss, please."
 She: "No, if I give you one you'll want more."
 He: "No, I won't."
 She: "Then you don't deserve one!"

* * *

Too Deep For Everett!

Everett (poking his head in Geometry room door): "Where is

Davie Jones?"

Mr. Valentine: "In his locker, I suppose."

* * *

From Sunny Climes—

Teacher: "Where are the islands of Hawaii?"

C. Bowen (just waking up): "What?"

Teacher: "Hawaii?"

Charles: "Oh, I'm all right!"

A Few Quotations—

Mr. Hust: "Just talk when you please in study hall."

Miss McKenzie: "Oh, how I adore jazz!"

Mr. Farris: "I always enjoy a bit of laughing and talking in the halls"

Frederick Cooper: "I hate to go fast on a motorcycle."

Rosalind Reed: "I never have any new clothes."

Betha Bowen: "Somehow, nobody seems to want to dance with me."

Howard DeArmond: "Who said chemistry was hard?"

Louis Miller: "When I get my football suit on, I feel as though I could clean up the whole opposing team!"

Ted Williams: "Always be calm and collected."

Mrs. Sterling: "A piece of gum hurts no one."

Hugo Del Pero: "Silence is go'den."

Coonie Gottwals: "Modesto is my one virtue."

Bud Bowen: "Ain't brotherly love wonderful?"

Martin Williams: "Gee, I'm glad I won the track meet!"

Miss Stubbs: "Slang is so cultured."

Miss Benthein: "It won't matter if you get a week or so behind in your outlines."

Warren Ahart: "I'm such a little runt, nobody notices me!"

Dorothy Seawell: "I don't believe in longer dresses."

Alice Woodworth: "Isn't it nice to have red hair!"

Edna Fisher: "I wish I could play tennis."

ALUMNI

Norman Taylor, '23

The graduates from the Marysville High School. We often hear in Marysville about the activities of some of our graduate students in higher institutions of learning. Nearly one-half of our 1922 class are continuing their school work. We find the '22 alumni at the following places:

Ada Anderson.....	College of the Pacific
Francis Becker.....	At home, Marysville
Mona Ashley.....	At home, Yuba City
Marie Aubrey.....	San Jose Normal
Edwin Bryant.....	Stanford University
Barbara Barr.....	Mills College
Doris Brust.....	University of California
Earl Butler.....	At home
Mary Carlin.....	State Teachers' College, Chico
Eleanor Dam.....	At home, Wheatland
Isadore Cheim.....	At home, Marysville
Elva Dam.....	San Jose Normal
Clio Dwyer.....	At home, Marysville
Frank Churchill.....	At home, Marysville
Leila Hall.....	University of California
Charlene Hord.....	At home, Marysville
Clifford Hanson.....	University of California
Ruth Hicks.....	At home, Hallwood District
Madge Mylar.....	San Francisco Teachers' College
Willard Jones.....	At home, Wheatland
Marjorie Nightingale.....	At home, Wheatland
Frances Patman.....	State Teachers' College, Chico
Harold Murphy.....	University of California
Marie Peirano.....	St. Frances Hospital, S. F.
Mary Swigart.....	University of Oregon
Ralph Newcomb.....	At home, Sutter County
Avis Sutfin.....	At home, Linda
Lola Walker.....	At home, Marysville
Howell Pierce.....	At home, Marysville
Muriel Walton.....	University of California
Joe Hoon.....	At home, Sutter County
Estelle Brockman.....	At home, Yuba City
Wesley Mock.....	College of Pharmacists, S. F.
John Sprigg.....	Sacramento Junior College
Dorothy Morley.....	Junior College, Sacramento
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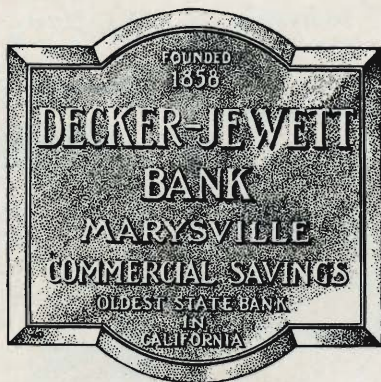
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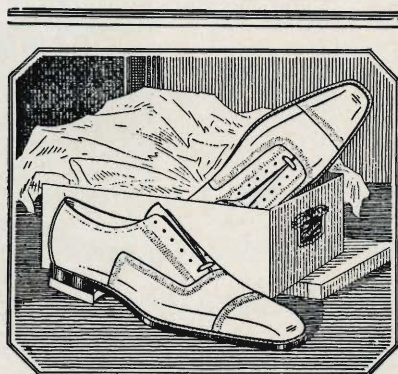
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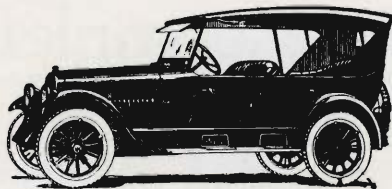
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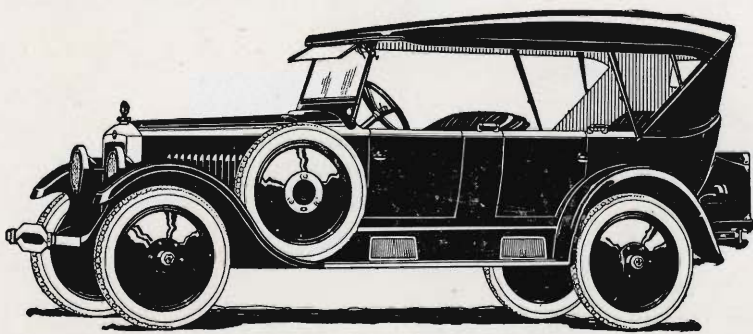
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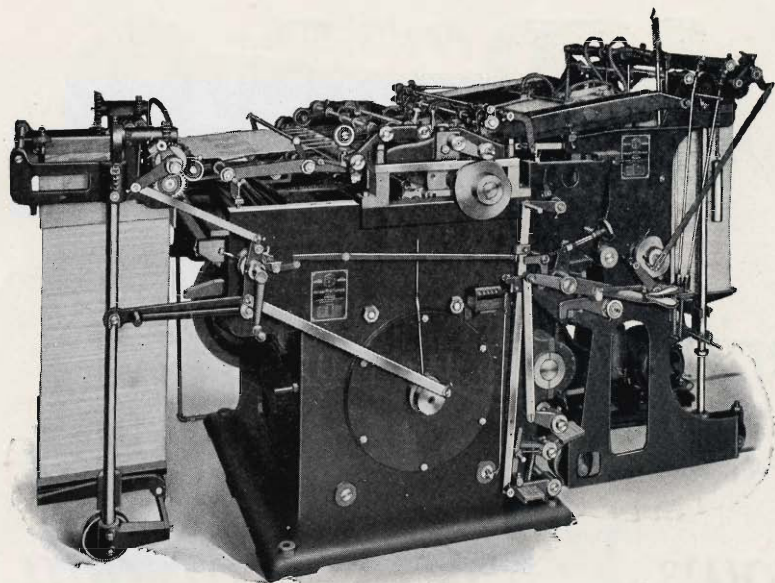
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